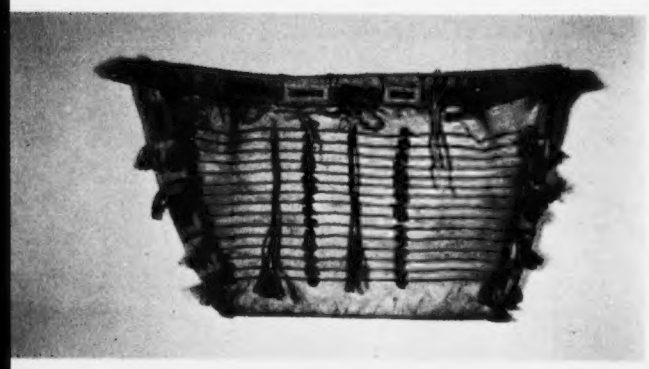
THE AMERICAN WEST



Notable examples of nineteenth-century Cheyenne crafts gracing this month's cover include (clockwise, from upper left) a pair of moccasins decorated with porcupine quills, a woman's beaded leggings, a quilled and beaded pipe and tobacco pouch, a horned warbonnet with eagle feathers, a quilled ceremonial mask for a warrior's horse, and a woman's quilled and beaded buckskin saddlebag. See "The Enduring Beauty of Cheyenne Art" beginning on page 4.

(Items from the Museum of the American Indian, New York, and the National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution.)

THE

AMERICAN WEST

The American Indian

A Special Issue

BOB AND IRA SPRING

A reconstruction of a typical Vancouver Island Indian community house. The rectangular design above the door represents a "copper," a major symbol of wealth. *For an article on the early Indians of the Northwest coast, see page 12.*

THE
AMERICAN WEST

THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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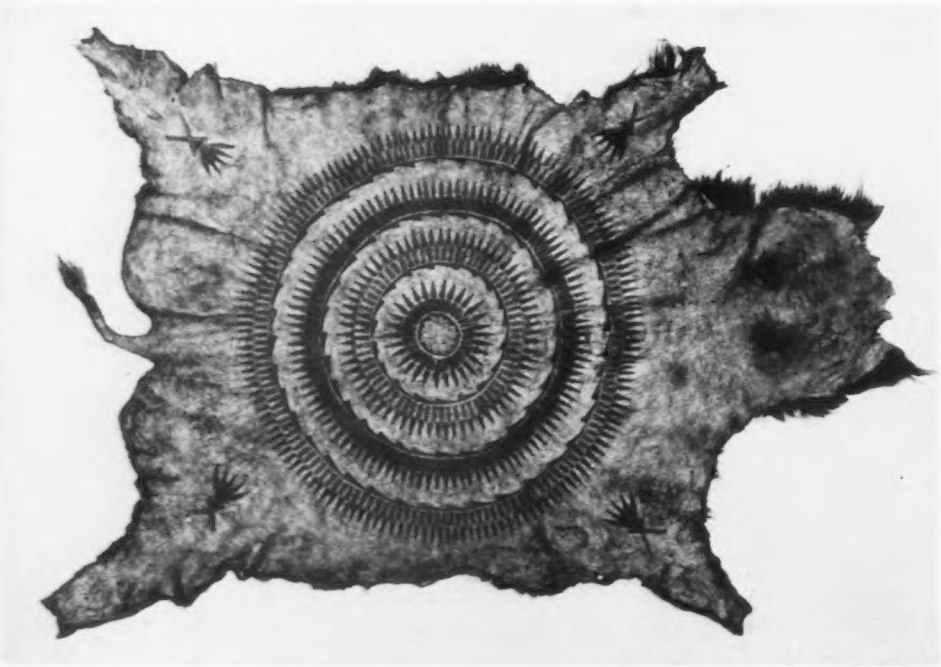
THE ENDURING BEAUTY OF CHEYENNE ART

Crafts that reflect a proud Indian nation's traditions, beliefs, and oneness with nature

by Peter J. Powell



A Cheyenne buffalo robe made sometime before 1875. The painted design was a sacred one and symbolized the beauty of the Sun, the source of new life for the people.

Life is the essence of Cheyenne art. It is filled with the power, the richness, and the vitality of a world filled, in turn, with the unending beauty and power of Maheo, the All Father Himself.

Life means action. It is the flashing of sunlight upon a warrior's silver hair plates as he strikes down an enemy; the swagger of eagle war-bonnet feathers moving in rhythm with a prancing war pony. It is also the continually shifting rainbow of colors that marks the passage of a parading warrior society; and the swishing of long fringes as pretty girls dance by, eyes downcast, but perfectly aware that men are gazing at them with admiration.

Cheyenne art reflects the vitality of this earthly aspect of life.

There is, however, another life, another world, reflected in the same art. This is the world of the sacred ceremonies, the world in which a man walks alone upon a pine-covered hill, his chest pierced by wooden skewers, as he offers the sacrifice of his own body to bring blessings to the people. This is the world where the air is fragrant with the scent of sacred white sage and of burning sweet grass incense; where shrilling eagle bone whistles summon the Sacred Powers to take pity upon the Pledger, the Sacred Woman, and the warriors dancing in the Medicine Lodge, the lodge from which flows new life for the people.

Both worlds join in Cheyenne life. Both are reflected in Cheyenne art.

TRADITIONAL CHEYENNE ART reflects the beauty and the supernatural power of the earth. To this day, Cheyennes refer to the earth as Esceheman, "Our Grandmother." She is invoked in prayer, as are the Below Persons, those supernatural beings who dwell within her. When they appear to men, the Below Persons assume the forms of animals, plants, natural objects, or sometimes persons. They, too, draw their life from Grandmother Earth, the nourisher of all living things.

The earliest colors used in Cheyenne art were colors derived from the earth, and from the plants that grow in the earth. They were natural colors. Their beauty is most vividly demonstrated in the decoration of Cheyenne ceremonial clothing. Throughout the years preceding intensive contact with white traders, clothing for both men and women was painted with natural colors. It was also embroidered with porcupine quills. The women flattened the quills before application by drawing them between their teeth or fingernails. The quills were dyed natural shades: red, yellow, and black; or they were left the natural white of the tip of the quill itself. Then they were fastened to the leather with sinew thread.

In traditional Cheyenne art, and in the sacred tribal ceremonies to this day, these four natural colors are identified with the four directions—the homes of the Maheyuno or Sacred

Persons. The All Father Himself created the Maheyuno; it was He who placed them at the four directions, the semi-cardinal points of the universe. The Sacred Persons look down upon the Cheyennes from their homes there, blessing and protecting the people and their world.

White is the color of the Person who dwells at the Southeast, the direction of the sunrise and of spring. Red symbolizes the Person living at the Southwest, the place of warmth and the home of the thunder. A rich golden yellow symbolizes the Person dwelling at the Northwest, the direction of the sunset. Finally, black represents the Sacred Person whose home is the Northeast. Snow and storms proceed from this direction, as do disease and death itself.

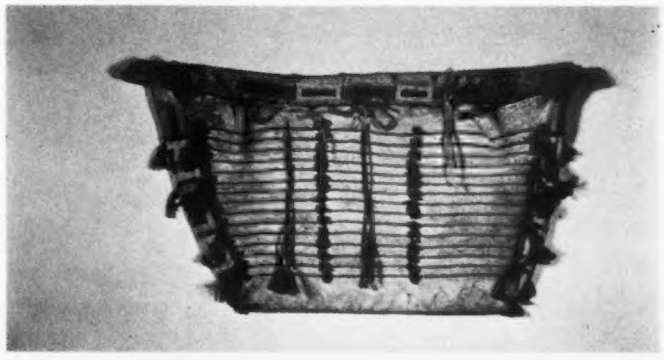
These four colors also symbolize Cheyenne prayers for the deeper, spiritual, inner qualities of life. These spiritual qualities are attainable on earth because Maheo has filled all creation with both supernatural power and life. Men and women can draw freely upon this sacred power—power that will bless and protect them, their relatives, and the Cheyenne people as a whole.

Red represents the color of blood, the life force. The Cheyennes often refer to red as the "new life color," for it symbolizes those prayers for renewed life constantly offered in the sacred ceremonies. Clothing or paraphernalia covered with red quillwork or beadwork, with red paint or even red cloth, carries supernatural blessing for its owner. Red also symbolizes the prayer for warmth and for the living food needed to sustain the lives of the people. It is the color that represents summer, the time of year when all creation is filled with life.

Yellow is the Sun color. It symbolizes ripeness, perfection, and that fullness of beauty reflected in the sunset. Yellow is the most prized of all Cheyenne colors, for the Sun's own life-giving and life-renewing power will fill the life of the person whose clothing is painted yellow or embroidered with yellow quills or beads.

Black symbolizes victory and the cessation of hostilities. It is the color of inertia, of enemy fires extinguished to coals and enemy lives snuffed out. Following battle, the Cheyenne warriors painted their faces black before triumphantly reentering their villages, waving aloft the enemy scalps they had taken. A warrior's ceremonial clothing was often painted both black and red, the colors of victory and of renewed life. Today, black may also symbolize the night and the Sacred Powers who dwell in the darkness.

BOTH PAGES: MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN



Top left: ***A beautifully decorated pair of man's quilled moccasins from the pre-1875 period.*** **Top center:** ***Woman's leggings, made when Cheyenne beadwork was at its zenith.*** **Top right:** ***A pipe and tobacco pouch, a combination of bead- and quillwork dating from the later period.*** **Center left:** ***A quilled and beaded buckskin saddlebag for a woman's clothing and possessions.*** **Bottom:** ***A splendid quilled mask for a warrior's horse, used on parade or ceremonial occasions.***

Finally, white symbolizes life; light; the morning that springs from the Southeast. It is the color of spring. It also symbolizes the prayer for a long and active life, a life that will end in the white hair of a respected old age. For this reason white is the predominant color used in decorating the moccasins of the Cheyenne holy men, the priests whose supernatural power brings them to venerable years.

Four is the Cheyenne sacred number. When a Northern Cheyenne holy man offers the pipe, the mouthpiece is first extended toward the four directions, the home of the Maheyuno. Thus the Sacred Persons are offered the first smoke. Then the mouthpiece is offered straight up. There Maheo, who dwells "at the heart of the universe," is invited to smoke. Finally, the mouthpiece is extended downward to Grandmother Earth, so that she too may join in smoking the pipe that never fails to bring a blessing.

Cheyenne colors preserve this sacred sequence. The holiest colors are the four original natural colors described above. They were the earliest colors used by the people.

In about 1830, blue-green also began to appear in Cheyenne painting and quillwork. Green and blue were interchangeable natural colors. The source of the blue paint that turned green on smoke-tanned buckskin was a Cheyenne secret, and although they traded it with the Kiowas and Comanches, they never revealed its origin. We know, however, that they derived it from the Yellowstone region, and this shade of blue is found in one of the color paint pots in present-day Yellowstone National Park. John Stands in *Timber and Fire Wolf* recalled that a blue clay used in decorating parfleches came from the area of the Sacred Mountain, near present Sturgis, South Dakota. Green frequently symbolizes youth and happiness in Cheyenne quill- and beadwork. It also symbolizes the life that fills all things springing from the earth—and so its use formed a prayer for the continuing fruitfulness of Grandmother Earth.

Finally, in about 1872–75, light blue dyed quillwork appeared with the introduction of aniline dyes. Light blue reflects the quietness, peace, and serenity of the cloudless sky, above which Maheo Himself dwells. Its use is a petition for a lifetime filled with serenity.

Cheyenne decorative art is basically sacred work. Among the women, only certain guilds and societies possessed the privilege and the supernatural blessing necessary to practice quill embroidery, feather ornamentation, and the painting of robes and parfleches. Each guild possessed its own initiation rites. The old-time Cheyennes called such women Mon in i' heo, "The Selected Ones." Usually they were older women who, in most cases, were holy women, priestesses. They had been instructed in the sacred meanings of the geometric designs first used in quill embroidery, and later in beadwork as well.

The Selected Ones were bound by strict rules concerning the use of their designs, and they closely guarded their knowledge of the meaning and arrangement of colors, as well as the relationship of designs to each other. Men were strictly excluded from the lodge where this work proceeded, and they were not permitted to know the initiation rites of these societies. The work of The Selected Ones was holy work, which had to be carried on slowly, carefully, devoutly, and in a good-natured frame of mind.

Therefore Më ë no' ist st, the old-time Quillworkers' Society, included only women of the highest morality and skill. The society's origins were sacred, for the Quillworkers' ritual and ceremonies came from the Man who married the Buffalo Wife. The traditions concerning the Buffalo Wife are, in turn, linked to the coming of the Sun Dance ceremonies from the Buffalo People themselves.

Often a young woman seeking a special blessing vowed to embellish a buffalo robe with quills. The work was carried out under the supervision of the Quillworkers' Society. The labor proceeded with reverence, the women blessed by the supernatural power flowing from the society's sacred bundle that was present with them in the lodge. Once the robe was embellished —often with a great sunburst formed from red and yellow quills—the girl respectfully carried the splendid gift to some venerable holy man, or perhaps to a noted healer or a prominent warrior. The Cheyennes say that Maheo always blessed the young woman who completed such a vow.

Quillwork, then, was a sacred art form; both blessings and protection were bestowed upon the person whose clothing, tipi, or belongings were embellished with porcupine quills.

Earlier Cheyenne embroidery occasionally took forms other than porcupine quillwork. Black-dyed bird quills were in use among the Southern Cheyennes during the late 1840s. The smaller fibers of the cattail also were dyed black and used for embroidery during the same period. Various grasses and a certain reed were occasionally used in place of porcupine or bird quills. In later years, after porcupines had disappeared from most of their country, the Southern Cheyennes used twisted dyed corn husks for limited embroidery. Again, all these materials once possessed life in themselves or were derived from living things.

THE TIME CAME, HOWEVER, when two other living creatures would make their impact upon traditional Cheyenne life. These living creatures were the horse and the white trader, and they brought with them the new glass beads whose popularity soon overshadowed that of the older porcupine quills.

Although living creatures carried beads to the Cheyennes, the glass bead, which has no life of its own, symbolizes the advent of the white man's death-bringing power—power that all too quickly concentrated upon destroying both the Cheyennes and their way of life.

Soon the Cheyennes named the white man "Veho" or "Wihio." Literally the word means "Spider." Originally it was used as the name of the Spider trickster who figures in the old stories recited to amuse the children on long winter evenings. Spider was a creature of unusual powers. Therefore the Chey-

ennes gave his name to the white man, whose inventions and possessions—glass beads among them—seemed so amazing.

A more subtle connotation, however, soon attached itself to the old word when it was used to describe a white person. For "Veho" also implies trickery, treachery, intricacy, or trap. The white man's thinking was deceitful, and his thoughts were frequently devoted to tricking the Cheyennes and destroying their way of life.

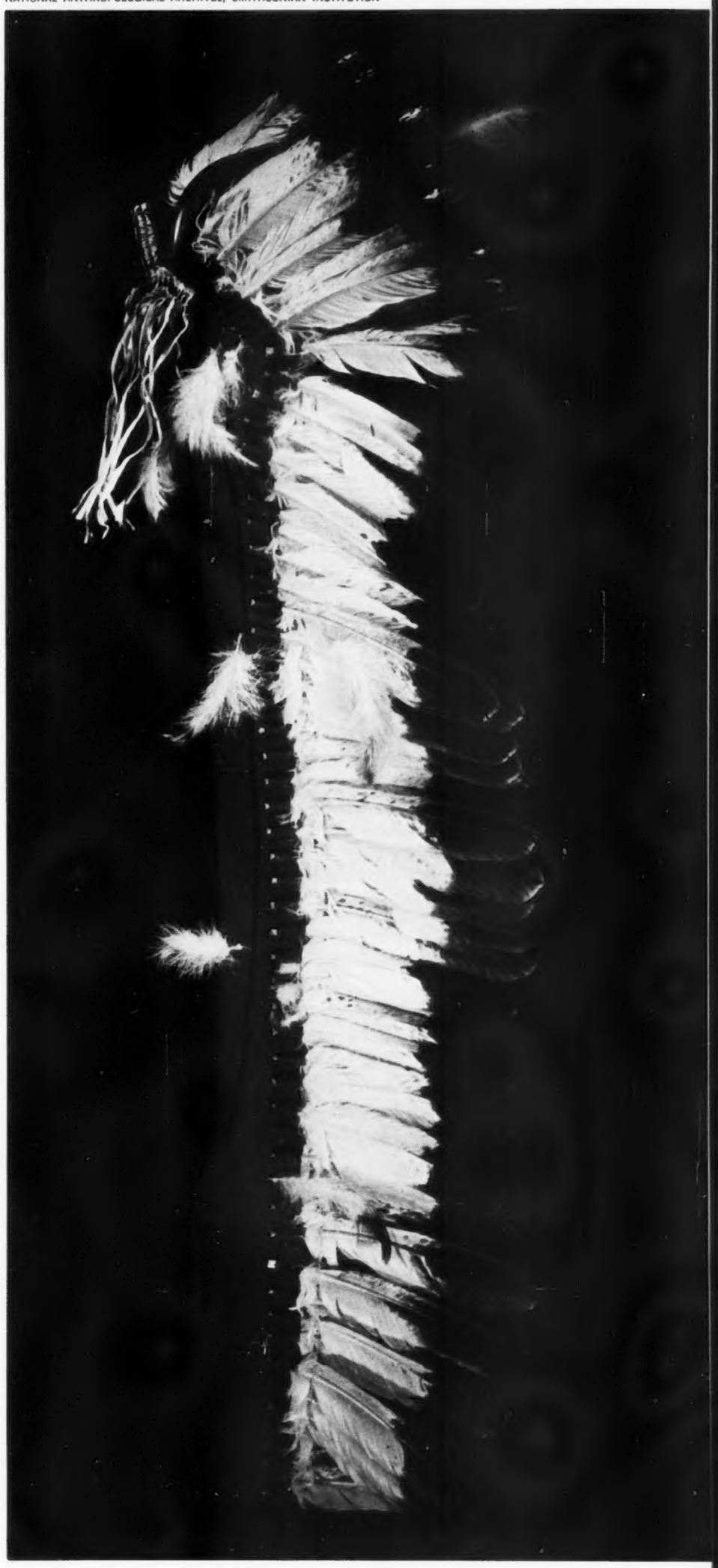
At an early date there were Cheyennes who instinctively realized that the white man's trade goods threatened the older Cheyenne spiritual life and art. When beads first arrived, some of the most respected Quillworkers refused to use them. These women pointed out that while porcupine quills came from a living creature, these new glass beads had no life in themselves. The beads were "dead," the women warned. And into the 1860s and 1870s, Cheyenne holy men such as Box Elder and White Bull would allow nothing manufactured by white men to touch the warbonnets or other sacred paraphernalia that they made. So great was the supernatural protection of these holy objects that they could stop even soldiers' bullets. Older Cheyenne priests applied the same ban to the use of white man's metal in the sacred tribal ceremonies—a ban that continues to this time in the Sacred Arrow rites and in Cheyenne fastings on the Sacred Mountain.

In spite of such warnings, beads steadily replaced quills as a decorative medium. The horse had brought a new mobility, a new vitality to Cheyenne life. Now the bead would bring a new richness to Cheyenne decorative art. Thus, from the 1840s on, beadwork steadily gained the ascendancy. The old spirit-filled quillwork lived on, however, maintaining its primacy as the decoration for the holiest items of ceremonial clothing and paraphernalia.

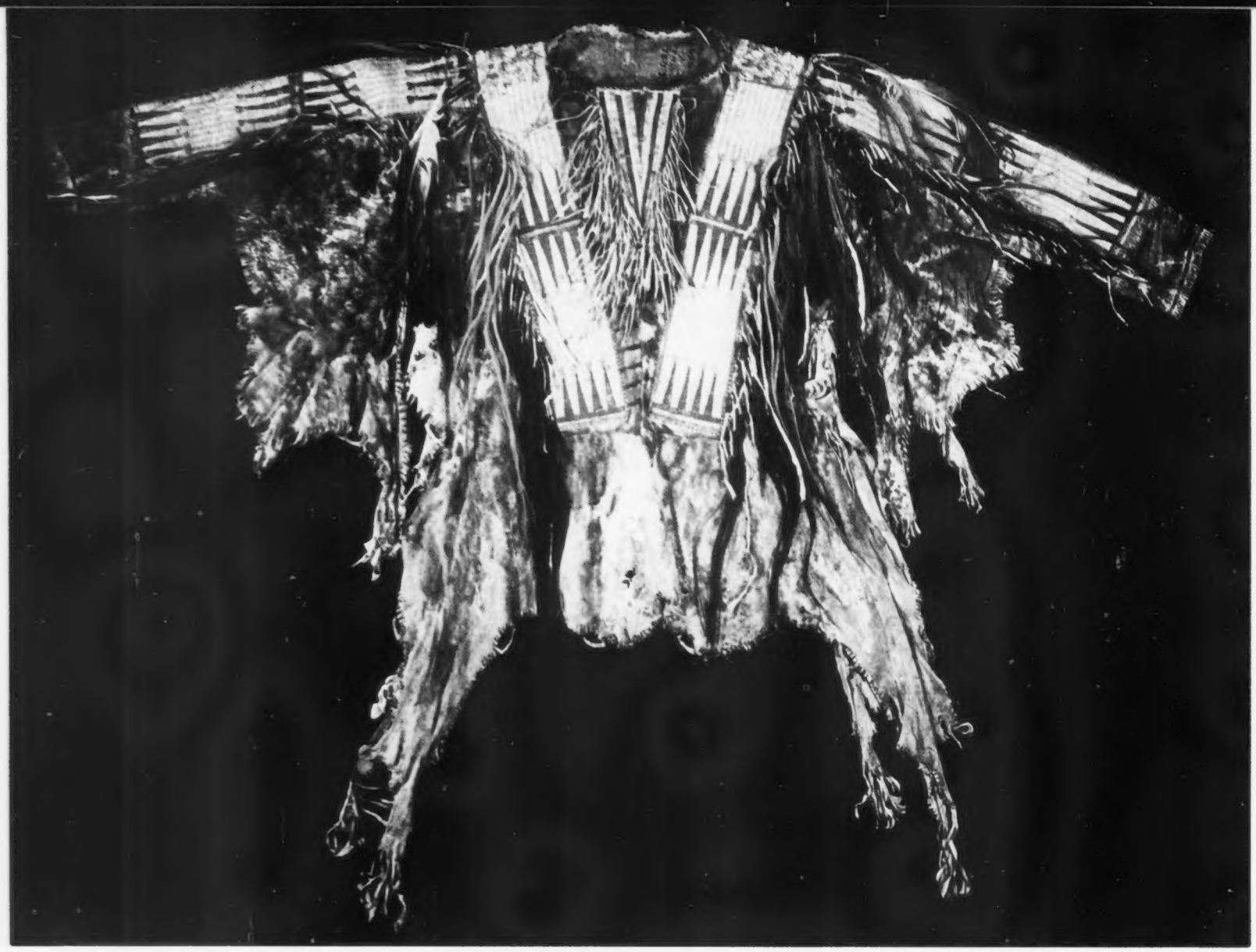
The earliest beads to reach the northern plains were named pony beads, for they arrived in the pony pack trains. These were large, opaque china beads which were introduced about 1800. Their colors resembled the old sacred colors, for they were white, black, light and dark red, a medium sky blue, and occasionally a deep buff. Dark blue beads also arrived in the pony packs. This color is occasionally used in Cheyenne sacred art in place of black.

Cheyenne women used these pony beads to reproduce the same bold, simple geometric designs originally created with porcupine quills. And, beginning in the north prior to 1833, a Beadworkers' Guild came into existence. Like the older Quillworkers, these women created decorated tipi covers, lodge linings, pillows and robes. The work of the Beadworkers also was sacred in character, and it was blessed by the presence of one of their sacred bundles. A few individual members of the Guild continue to create beadwork to this time.

NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



A Cheyenne horned warbonnet from the 1870s. The white tip of a plume representing the owner of the bonnet appears above the black tips of the major eagle plumes.



NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

A quilled scalp shirt from the pre-1875 period, trimmed with scalp locks and horsehair, and painted with the Cheyennes' sacred blue color.

The pony bead era lasted in Northern Cheyenne country until about 1840. Then the white traders began to arrive with much smaller, round, opaque Venetian seed beads. Their shades were soft and rich, their colors varied. The favorite Cheyenne seed bead colors, however, remained the old sacred ones: red, yellow, black (or dark blue), white, green, and light blue. Likewise the designs formed with these beads remained simple, geometric, and bold.

Cheyenne beadwork reached its Golden Era during the 1860s and 1870s. Beads were readily available by then; and the beadworkers produced art of unparalleled beauty and delicacy. As the period advanced, the traders introduced Czechoslovakian seed beads. These were a trifle larger and darker than the earlier Venetian beads, and they inclined to a bluish tint. In about 1870, translucent beads also made their appearance in Northern Cheyenne country.

Although the later designs were not quite as bold and simple as those formed with quills and pony beads, nevertheless Cheyenne beadworkers still held fast to the old tradition of simple, geometric, power-filled designs.

Tragically, as the richness of Cheyenne beadwork increased, so did the threat to the Cheyenne way of life. In the south, there was the carnage at Sand Creek in 1864 and the destruction of Black Kettle's village at the Washita in 1868. After both fights, Cheyenne survivors gazed numbly at the bodies of their people, the bleeding and mutilated corpses of women and children sprawled alongside those of the warriors.

By 1875 the old free life had ended for the Southern Cheyennes. Now is was the turn of the Northern bands to suffer. In March 1876, on Powder River, soldiers attacked, looted, and burned the village of Old Bear and Box Elder. The Cheyennes and their Lakota allies countered with victories at the Rosebud and Little Big Horn; but the joy of these triumphs quickly disappeared in the bitter cold of a November night in the Big Horn Mountains. There, five months after the Cheyenne victory at the Little Big Horn, Morning Star's great winter camp was struck by Gen. Ranald Mackenzie's command. When the troopers rode away, the beauty of that village had been reduced to charred ruins smoldering against the dampness of the falling snow.

In the months that followed, the Northern bands lived in constant fear of soldier pursuit. Finally, in April 1877, the ragged and half-frozen people of Little Wolf and Morning Star rode into Fort Keogh to surrender.

White butchery of the buffalo continued throughout the 1870s. By the middle of the 1880s the last of the great herds had been all but wiped from the face of the earth. With the buffalo disappeared the means whereby the Cheyennes could renew the glory of their old-time art.

Then came the reservations. The old, free, spirit-filled Cheyenne way of life, the life lived in harmony with a bountiful creation, now faced extermination along with the buffalo. Soldiers seemed to be everywhere; and both government and missionary efforts united in their determination to destroy the sacred ways of the people.

Cheyenne beadwork began to reflect the terrible strain of those times. Sacred beadwork, with its simple, powerful designs, still survived, but by the late 1880s an increasing number of beadwork designs were becoming "nervous," fussy, and complex. In about 1885, silver- and gilt-covered beads appeared among the Northern Cheyennes. Their use and their metallic appearance violated the old ban on the use of white man's metal in anything related to the sacred. Aniline dyes had reached the plains in the early 1870s, and by the late 1880s these harsh commercial colors were widely used in the dyeing of porcupine quills, largely replacing the earlier soft shades derived from living plants.

By 1890 the great classic period of Cheyenne quillwork and beadwork had all but ended. However, as always in Cheyenne life, enough sacred power remained to bless the people through the hard new times ahead. In spite of white attempts at suppression, the Sacred Arrow and the Sun Dance ceremonies survived, and the veneration of the Sacred Buffalo Hat continued, albeit often in secret. Fortunately, the holy traditions and the sacred bundles of the Beadworkers' Guild lived on into recent times. In both Montana and Oklahoma, a few women trained in the holy traditions still remain alive. Their skillful hands continue to create beadwork whose designs are filled both with beauty and with supernatural power.

TRADITIONAL CHEYENNE ART reflects that harmonious blending of male and female power so characteristic of Cheyenne life as a whole. In older days, and on occasion today, once the chosen women had completed the decorating of a sacred tipi cover, they invited a prominent warrior (or warriors) to count coup over the new cover. Then a holy man, such as the Sacred Arrow or Sacred Hat Keeper, offered his prayers of blessing. Conversely, in the making of a sacred scalp shirt and leggings, chosen men made the new shirt and painted it. A holy man offered prayers of blessing over it. Then a woman (or women) from the Quillworkers or Beadworkers added quilled or beaded strips, embodying sacred designs, to the new scalp shirt and leggings. Again, life was the essence of the art. For in Cheyenne art, as in Cheyenne life, male and female power mingled to bring both beauty and blessings to the people.

Only the bravest of warriors were entitled to wear Metaxes-zehen, the scalp shirt. Cheyenne sacred tradition links the origin of these hair-trimmed shirts to Sweet Medicine, the Prophet himself. The making of such a shirt was both a solemn and holy occasion.

Only a warrior who himself possessed a scalp shirt could make one for another warrior. The most powerful shirts were those made by the holy men who themselves had been noted warriors in their younger days. Once a scalp shirt owner agreed to make a shirt for another man, the new scalp shirt owner invited a number of prominent fighting men to come to his lodge. There the pipe was offered and smoked, guaranteeing the presence of Maheo, the Sacred Persons, and the Sacred Powers. Then, in the presence of the scalp shirt maker and the new owner, each warrior counted coup over a lock of hair cut from an enemy scalp. After each coup counting, the shirt maker added the lock to the shirt, where it formed part of the hair fringe.

Occasionally tassels of dyed horse hair were mixed among the scalp lock fringe. Poor Thunder's shirt, later worn by White Shield, bravest of the Cheyennes fighting at the Rosebud in 1876, was trimmed with hair cut from Crow, Assiniboine, and Flathead scalps. Fringes of red horse hair hung among these human locks, each fringe representing a horse that had been wounded under Poor Thunder during his fighting days.

Scalp shirts, like anything sacred, imposed strict moral obligations upon their owners. Among these was the obligation never to show anger. As late as 1960 John Stands in *Timber* recalled how Arapaho Chief's youngest wife took advantage of this by eloping with another man. Little Wolf was just counting coup over a lock of enemy hair, when a woman outside the tipi called in the news that the wife had run away. When Arapaho Chief heard this, he calmly reached for his pipe. He filled it, smoked quietly, and then passed it to the other men present in the lodge. As he did so, he remarked that he had no fault to find with the woman.

A scalp shirt owner possessed other obligations as well. In battle he was required to be the first man to advance, the last to retreat. If a comrade's horse was shot from under him, or if the comrade was otherwise left afoot, it was the scalp shirt wearer who was obligated to rescue him. If the shirt owner failed to do so, he was required to give up his scalp shirt and to listen to the jeers of the people for the rest of his days.

Again, then, life is the key to the scalp shirt's power. Its owner desired living, supernatural protection. The shirt, therefore, was formed from the skins of the mountain sheep, deer, or antelope—animals upon which the Cheyennes were dependent for their existence. These were also animals possessing speed and agility, qualities that a fighting man needed in order to survive. The shirt was decorated with quilled or beaded strips, combining sacred colors and sacred symbols in designs that both blessed and protected the owner. Often it was painted with the holy colors of symbols identified with the Sacred Persons or Powers. Occasionally, too, the owner's own war exploits were painted upon it. Finally, sacred objects, such as

A pair of painted parfleche saddlebags, probably dating from before 1865. Women's designs were invariably geometric, in contrast to the realistic forms painted by men.

arrowheads, feathers, or animals skins—all of them power-filled symbols of the Maiyun—often were bound to the surface of the shirt.

In the making of a scalp shirt, warriors who already had proven themselves stronger than the enemy counted coup over the hair fringes. By doing so, they demonstrated their willingness to share their own power with the new shirt owner. The owner himself could not possess a shirt before he had counted one or more first coups. The scalp locks came from enemies already overcome by the Cheyennes; and the bravest form of scalping was to rip the hair from a living foe. Thus the scalp lock fringe symbolized the fact that the power of living Cheyenne warriors was greater than that of their enemies. Finally, the most sacred of scalp shirts were those made by the holy men, the priests whose own power to overcome the enemy and to invoke the blessings of the Sacred Powers had already been clearly manifested in Cheyenne life.

Hair-trimmed leggings shared the power of the scalp-fringed war shirts. Like the scalp shirts, these leggings were worn only by the bravest men. From the 1860s on, however, leggings of dark red or blue trade cloth were favored by many Cheyenne warriors, especially in the north. Again, their color was the old sacred red and black, the dark blue clothing substituting for black in this case.

Many warriors, however, favored skin flap-style leggings for both war and ceremonial occasions. These were cut in a "fork" running from the man's calf to the ground. As the warrior walked along, the fork flapped backward and forward, giving a soft, swishing sound to the man's movements. Dragonflies and crosses often were beaded or painted upon the flaps of such leggings. The dragonflies symbolized the hope that the warrior would dart back and forth in battle as rapidly as does the Maiyun who assumes the form of a dragonfly when he appears to men. The cross is an old Cheyenne symbol representing the four directions. From the four directions, the Sacred Persons would pour down blessings upon the wearer of leggings decorated with this sacred symbol of their home. Such leggings generally were painted a rich golden yellow, the color of the Sun whose life-giving power blesses any person who wears his holy color.

Among Cheyenne men the breechclout and its string were special symbols of male power and masculinity. As soon as little boys could walk, a breechclout string was tied about their waists. They wore the string at all times, even when romping naked about the village.

The earliest breechclouts were formed from leather. By the 1860s, however, red trade cloth had become the most popular material, with dark blue following in popularity. Trade cloth was used in fashioning "tails," the long breechclouts worn in war and on ceremonial occasions. Long red breechclouts are still worn on the fourth day of the Sun Dance, the day when sacred renewing power flows in abundance from the Sun Dance lodge. Once more red symbolizes the life color. It represents the prayer for "man power"—male procreative power—a prayer frequently expressed in carved and painted symbolism, as well as in the petitions offered throughout the Cheyenne sacred cremonies as a whole.

The decorating of moccasins was a function of both the Quillworkers' and Beadworkers' Guilds. Again, the designs were, and are, filled with supernatural power. Occasionally a man's war deeds were emblazoned upon his moccasins, with quilled or beaded pony tracks symbolizing the capture of enemy horses. The moccasins of a holy man, such as White Bull, Crazy Mule, or Box Elder, sometimes bore symbols of the Sacred Beings he had seen in his visions. Indeed, since the days of John Woodenlegs' presidency in the 1950s and early 1960s, Box Elder's own sacred Morning Star symbol has been the official symbol of the Northern Cheyenne tribe, the Morning Star People. In using this holy symbol, the Northern Cheyennes honor both the memory of Box Elder, the greatest of the old-time holy men, and that of Chief Morning Star or Dull Knife, who, with Chief Little Wolf, led the people back home to their beloved north country in 1878–79.

The undecorated areas of partially quilled or beaded moccasins often were painted the holy red or yellow. The moccasins of the Contraries, those brave and mysterious warriors who bore the sacred Thunder Bows, were covered with the red paint of new life.

SHIELD MAKING WAS AMONG THE HOLIEST WORK, and only a man who himself had been instructed by a Maiyun could perform the ceremonies. Not all warriors possessed the right to own a shield—for the most part, only those fighting men of outstanding bravery, mature years, and proven discretion owned one. Shields generally were formed from the shrunken neck hide of a buffalo. They were strong enough to turn aside arrows or even to stop the ball of a smoothbore rifle. The great power of the shield, however, was supernatural: for its strength came from the Sacred Powers themselves.

Not even a holy man was permitted to make more than four shields, as four is the sacred number. A few shields were so sacred that the usual disc of shrunken buffalo hide was not even needed in their construction. Stone Forehead or Medicine Arrows, the great Sacred Arrow Keeper who died ca. 1876, once was told in a vision to make four such shields. These shields took the form of Ox'zem, the sacred netted wheel. Sweet Medicine himself first brought Ox'zem to the people, and the game played with the sacred wheel possessed great power for drawing the buffalo to the Cheyennes. Ox'zem's own form symbolized the eternity of Maheo, for like the wooden circle that forms the outer edge of the sacred netted wheel, Maheo has no beginning and no ending. Thus, Stone Forehead omitted the buffalo rawhide covering in the making of these four holy shields, called Ox'zem Ho-wa'.

In most shields, however, the outer surface of buffalo rawhide and the soft skin cover usually placed over it were decorated with painted symbols given by the Sacred Power who appeared to the shield maker in his vision. It was the Maiyun's blessing that gave the shield its true protective power. Occasionally the Sacred Persons themselves appear painted upon shield covers. Each Person is depicted as a horned man, his color that of the directions where he dwells. Symbols of the four directions also frequently appear, as do symbols of the Sun and of the Moon, the Sun of the Night. The claws of a grizzly bear, or the skins of birds, animals, or reptiles may be tied to the shield face or cover. Again, these represent the Maiyun who have blessed the shield with a share of their own power. Eagle feathers frequently decorate the edges of the trial of a shield, forming a continual prayer for the protection of that most powerful of birds.

Supernatural beauty and power also filled the eagle feather warbonnets worn by the old-time fighting men. In Cheyenne theology, the eagle is the bird that flies closest to the Thunder, sharing the strength of that great Sacred Being.

Among the Cheyennes each warbonnet feather represented a coup, a war honor. Few, if any, men ever acquired enough eagle feathers to form a long trail or double trail warbonnet. Therefore, in making such a splendid bonnet, a man's warrior society brothers added feathers symbolizing their own coups to those coup feathers earned by the warbonnet owner himself. The trailing warbonnet thus symbolized the combined valor of the wearer and of his military society comrades.

The most sacred warbonnets were those whose forms were revealed to holy men in visions. Such a warbonnet once was revealed to White Bull or Ice by Thunder himself. Later White Bull recreated it for Roman Nose or Bat, the great Elk Society warrior. Nothing of white man manufacture was used in making this horned warbonnet: no clothing, no metal, no beads. So powerful was Thunder's warbonnet that no bullet could touch Roman Nose while he was wearing it and obeying the taboos that related to it.

Thus the wearing of a long trail warbonnet proclaimed much more than the bravery of its owner and of his military society brothers. The tossing eagle plumes had been plucked from the most sacred of birds, the bird who shares Thunder's mighty power. The delicate eagle breast feathers, inserted at the base of the larger plumes, represent the Maiyun, the Sacred Powers or Spirits themselves. It is the Maiyun who watch over the warrior, blessing him and protecting him in battle. The crown of eagle feathers formed the shape of the Sun, the source of new life for the people. It also formed the sacred circle, symbol of Maheo's eternal life and power. And, protruding from the center of the crown, a stripped eagle plume symbolized the warbonnet owner himself—the man whose life depended upon the blessing of the Sacred Beings.

As a Cheyenne fighting man charged back and forth before the enemy lines, daring the enemy to come out and fight, his long trail warbonnet proclaimed that this man was a man blessed by Maheo and the Sacred Powers. Here was a warrior so filled with life that he had nothing whatsoever to fear, even death itself.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

A number of Cheyenne relatives and friends are the true primary sources for the material in this article. The author owes deepest gratitude to the following, most of whom now have climbed the Milky Way Trail to Se'han, the Place of the Dead. Among the Northern Cheyennes: Henry Little Coyote, late keeper of Is'siwun, and Weasel Woman, his wife; John Stands in Timber, late formal historian of the Northern Cheyennes, and Josie One Bear Stands in Timber, his wife and a noted beadworker; Albert Tall Bull, late Sweet Medicine chief; and Fire Wolf, a venerable Suhtai Sun Dance and Buffalo priest, now also deceased. Among the Southern Cheyennes: Ralph White Tail, late respected Sacred Arrow and Sun Dance priest, and Pauline White Tail, his late wife; and Mary Litle Bear Inkanish and Beatrice Buffalo, both deceased beadworkers of note. And many others. Numerous published works were also consulted in preparation of the article.

Most of the author's knowledge concerning the sequence of Cheyenne quillwork and beadwork designs was derived from the late Frederick H. Douglas, former curator of American Indian art at the Denver Art Museum; and Alice L. Marriott, writer in residence, Central State University, Edmond, Oklahoma.

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INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST COAST

Ocean, river, and generous shore provided bounty for one of America's most affluent cultures

by Michael Ames

TOM MYERS

Totem poles carved by Indians north of the Strait of Juan de Fuca were a vivid blend of art, culture, and religion.

FEW PLACES ON EARTH have blessed primitive man with as great bounty as once existed along the northwest coast of North America. The sea and river mouths there provided Indians with year-round abundance in return for a few months' labor. Out of this richness grew an extraordinary complex of cultures that extended along the Pacific Coast all the way from southern Alaska to northern California—some of the most advanced hunting-and-gathering societies the world has ever known.

The three major branches of Northwestern Indian culture shared one common element—wealth—but the ways in which they responded to it differed sharply. The Nootkas and Kwakiutls of the British Columbia coast were spenders, using their abundant leisure to feast and distribute their bounty with a prodigality and protocol reminiscent of Renaissance courts. The Yuroks, Karoks, and Hupas of northern California were hoarders, given to displaying their possessions but not giving them away. The Chinooks along the Columbia were traders, middlemen in the native economy.

No one knows how long these peoples lived on their generous shore before the white men came; their beginnings are lost in the shadows of prehistory. Archaeologists probing the region have found evidence of human habitation dating back at least twelve thousand years, but they have turned up little firm evidence of modern tribes' origins. Native folklore, and finds indicating a migration down the Skeena River and then north and south along the coast, suggest that they migrated from inland regions in comparatively recent times.

As the Northwest Indians, group by group, replaced older residents of the coast in the past, so have they too been replaced. In the mere two hundred years since the first white men landed, the red men's culture that developed over hundreds—perhaps thousands—of years, has all but vanished. Populations are decimated. The riches from the sea seem paltry beside twentieth-century affluence. Cultural identity itself is nearly lost between the enticements and encroachments of white society. About all that remain of the old ways are artifacts, legends, and a few die-hard customs like the potlatch—yet in these one can still glimpse the glory that was once Northwest Indian culture.

THE NOOTKAS, LIKE MOST OF THE COASTAL PEOPLES, were children of the sea. They knew the techniques for skimming what they needed from a Pacific that teemed with primeval plenty. In the early spring, when the schools of herring ran thick, they would comb the sea with rakes, depositing the fish in their canoes on the follow-through. (Similar rakes were used by the Nootkas and other tribes for candlefish, peculiar oily smelt which, when dried, could be burned as candles.) The Nootkas caught halibut, too, and dogfish, a type of shark whose oil was used for trade and whose skin was used for sandpapering canoes.

Giant kelp beds along the coast were important to the Indians in a variety of ways. Cured kelp stems made strong fishing lines, and the bulbs were convenient containers for whale oil. In summer, when sea otter pups napped on the kelp beds, Indian hunters would kidnap a pup and then kill the parents when they came to investigate its cries. Other sea mammals were harpooned offshore or driven inland from the rocks and dispatched with clubs or arrows.

Like all Northwest tribes, the Nootkas relied heavily on the salmon: the fall run of dog salmon provided the bulk of their food supply. Hung from the rafters of Nootka houses in winter, the salmon were smoked, almost inadvertently, by the same fire that warmed the occupants. To the Nootkas this smoky, fishy atmosphere represented the good life—the security of the family hearth and the bounty of an ample food supply. To white nostrils, however, the stench was overpowering, as Captain Cook's men attested on their visit in 1778.

Of all the Nootkas' seafaring exploits, the most impressive were their whaling expeditions in great oceangoing canoes. Meriwether Lewis (speaking of the smaller canoes of the Chinooks, three hundred miles to the south) expressed his admiration: "I have seen the natives near the coast riding waves with safety and, apparently, without concern, where I should have thought it impossible for any craft to live a minute."

One can imagine the excitement of the sea hunt. Since the fatal harpoon is to be thrust, not thrown, the canoe must be maneuvered close alongside the behemoth. The struggle begins as the harpooner drives his twenty-foot weapon behind the left flipper. Its shell blade shatters, and elkhorn barbs lodge in the whale. Enraged, the animal dives. Crewmen brace themselves, letting out fathoms of line with sealskin floats attached. The line is not fastened to the canoe; the floats slow the whale and enable the paddlers to keep pace with its flight.

On shore the women begin a chant inviting the "noble lady" to visit their beautiful village. The whalers strike the "noble lady" again and again, whenever she surfaces for air, and the floats tire her when she dives. If everyone has done his part in the rituals, she will expire right in front of the village instead of many miles out to sea.

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Special lances complete the kill by severing the tendons of the whale's flukes and by piercing its heart. The mouth is sewn shut to prevent the great creature's waterlogging, and she is towed home to be feted like a visiting chief. This is no Moby Dick, but a generous provider of many days' food and a gracious actress in an ancestral village drama.

The Nootkas were rich in another way. They had access to what every coastal Indian desired—dentalia, the shell money used for trade between tribes. These shells grew at an accessible depth in only a few places along the west coast of Vancouver Island. The precise location of dentalia beds and the technique for making delicate pincers to pluck the shells from the bottom were closely guarded secrets.

Adjusting to the whims of weather and water creatures, Nootka family groups each had three homes: one facing out to sea for the summer fishing season, another in a sheltered cove for the violent winter cross-seas, and a third upriver at the salmon run. Unlike most hunting-and-gathering societies, these Indians built at each site a permanent house frame, 20 to 40 feet wide and 50 to 100 feet long. Overlapping red cedar planks were attached to the frame—loosely, for the families took their wall and roof boards along with them when they moved. Each plank, wrought from a log with stone tools, was an heirloom.

Cedar is one of the few woods that can be worked with such crude implements. It is so soft and straight-grained that a stone maul striking a hardwood wedge is enough to split a cedar log into thick boards. Sometimes the Indians split boards by driving wedges into the living tree and letting wind-sway split off the desired pieces.

One house served an entire group of relatives, all sharing the single large room. A person's rank determined his area of the house; here he piled his belongings and slept, on a cedar plank laid with a cedarbark mat. The fibrous inner bark of cedar was everywhere: twisted into strips, it held the house walls together, secured haft and blade of tools, and provided material for women's capes and skirts.

A UNIQUE FEATURE OF COASTAL INDIAN LIFE from Juan de Fuca Strait northward was the *potlatch*. Literally the term means "gift-giving," but the potlatch was much more. It provided the basic social framework for the tribal culture and affirmed the status of its members. At the potlatch a person acquired the names that identified him at different stages of his life, and here, with the guests as witnesses, he could exercise his inherited rights to certain rituals and privileges.

Planning for a typical potlatch might begin on the death or retirement of a prominent member of a clan. The individual who is to inherit the deceased's title arranges for a feast for several hundred guests, with gifts to be distributed to all according to their ranks. A totem pole is carved in the host's honor, with a series of animal crests that tell his line-

age. The preparations may take as long as a year, and the expense is tremendous. The host's kin help to share this burden, however, for the potlatch will redound to the glory of every member of the clan.

When the gala day arrives, guests land their ceremonial canoes in order of rank. (There are legends of hosts who would club a slave to death and use his body as a roller to beach the canoes—the slave being just one more evidence of expendable wealth.) Sumptuous feasting begins almost at once, and the fires roar with costly dousings of oil.

After several days of suspense the totem pole is hoisted into place, and a speaker explains the significance of its figures, recounting the clan's supernatural heritage, powers, and deeds. More feasting and dancing follow until the potlatch reaches its grand climax—the distribution of gifts.

By the number and quality of his gifts, the host both displays his own affluence and flatters his guests (who will remember and reciprocate when they give a potlatch.) Over the years blankets have remained among the most popular gifts, whether fashioned on native looms or traded at the Hudson's Bay Company store or purchased from the Sears and Roebuck catalog. In times past, however, the most precious gifts were sheets of beaten copper, each 2 to 2½ feet long and considered as being equal in value to many canoes and slaves. Individual coppers were even given names, such as "Making-the-house-empty-of-blankets" and "All-other-coppers-are-ashamed-to-look-at-it." Among the Kwakiutls, neighbors of the Nootkas, a copper doubled in value every time it changed hands.

The potlatch served as a means of stimulating production in a surplus economy and was in effect an investment. Recipients of gifts were honor bound to repay the presents with interest, at the risk of forfeiting their totems, their songs—even of losing their very persons and becoming slaves. The Kwakiutls, who employed the potlatch most intensively and were among the few tribes to use it with destructive intent, even made the ceremony a substitute for warfare: "We used to fight with bows and arrows, with spears and guns. We robbed each other's blood. But now we fight with this here (pointing to a copper), and if we have no coppers, we fight with canoes and blankets."

An important social institution of the tribes around Puget Sound was the dancing society. Based on shamanistic religious views, the initiation rites of such societies provided some of the most important ceremonies of tribal life. Among the Nootkas, where the novices were children, the more macabre aspects of the rituals were played down and the events had a festive air. Among the Kwakiutls, however, the adult novices frequently went berserk when "possessed by spirits"; destructiveness and even cannibalism were frequently, though unreliably, reported. (So much deception accompanied these staged rituals—masks, trap doors, voices traveling mysteriously through kelp stems concealed under the floor—that it is hard to know how much cannibalism actually occurred.)

SHEER COASTAL MOUNTAINS kept the Nootkas close to the sea, but farther south, near what was to become the Oregon-California border, the mountains were more rounded and the river valleys habitable. Thus the Yuroks who lived there, and their neighbors the Karoks and the Hupas, became river people rather than ocean people. Their redwood canoes were made for river travel and sea-mammal hunting was out of the question. But there was plenty to be gathered along the shore and at the river mouths. Besides the ubiquitous salmon, these Indians caught eels, sturgeon, and steelhead. The acorn was a staple for them, as it was for most other California Indians; in fact, the Yuroks held a First Acorn Ceremony as well as a First Salmon Ceremony each year. After the fall harvest the women pounded the tan oak acorns into flour, leached it in a sand basin to extract the bitter tannin, and served it as a thin mush.

The Yuroks' world extended only a few miles beyond each bank of the Klamath River; it was completely surrounded, they believed, by ocean. Their language reflected their narrow horizons, for they had no names for the cardinal points, only terms for "upstream" and "downstream." The landscape these Indians occupied teemed with sacred sites—similar to those of the ancient Greeks, who also lived among tangled mountain ranges. It provided a stage for world-renewal rituals such as the White Deerskin Dance, in which the participants visited traditional trees or stones, reciting prescribed accounts of the ceremony's origin among prehumans and ritually reenacting the deeds of the ancient race.

The thrifty Yuroks had no potlatches. They affirmed their status in the community not by extravagant gift-giving but by display of possessions they had gathered over the years by abstinence, hard work, and care in courting the favor of the spirit world. The prime occasion for this display was the White Deerskin Dance. As the tempo of the dance gradually increased, the dancers would appear bearing Yurok treasures: scarlet woodpecker scalps, obsidian blades, and finally, at the climax, the albino deerskins themselves.

Consistent with their acquisitive value system was the care the Yuroks took with their money. They distinguished five grades of dentalia, based on size and freedom from flaws, and so standardized was the grading of this currency system that its sophistication approached those of modern ones. Every adult male had a mark tattooed on his arm by which he could measure strings of dentalia.

In a sense, each Yurok was a lawyer, because every offense was considered to be against an individual and had to be atoned for with a negotiated payment. (There were no crimes against society, nor existing authorities to impose punishment.) Intent was irrelevant; manslaughter and murder required the same payment—the "bride price" of the deceased's mother (that is, the amount paid to the bride's family by the groom's family at the time of marriage—a fair appraisal, in Yurok society, of a person's value).

This sense of personal liability extended to other aspects of

A sloping forehead was a mark of aristocracy among Indians of the lower Columbia basin. This painting of a Cowlitz mother and child depicts the method by which infants' heads were gradually flattened.

BY PAUL KANE; ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, TORONTO

BY HENRY J. WARRE: OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Among the Chinooks and related tribes, the bodies of the dead were placed in elevated canoes; oars, utensils, and other belongings were included for use in the afterlife.

BY PAUL KANE: ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, TORONTO

A domestic scene in a Clallum summer lodge on Vancouver Island. A woman is weaving a blanket with threads made from dog's hair, goose down, and frayed cedar bark.

life. A man had to provide free ferry service even for an enemy; on the other hand, if his house burned down while he was away, the passenger was liable. If a trespasser broke his leg at another man's fishing grounds, he could immediately lay claim to the territory. Often Yurok slaves were debtors—fellow Yuroks too poor to pay for some insult.

Except for kinship, the distinction between rich and poor provided the only shred of social organization the Yuroks possessed. The rich made possible two basic institutions, the White Deerskin Dance (for which they lent the treasures) and the sweathouse (which a rich man would build for the use of all his kin). The poor were of another world—the Yurok words for "man" and "woman" did not even apply to them.

The sweathouse was both a social center and a place of ritual purification. Men spent their nights there rather than with their wives, for it was believed that sexual activity would drive dentalia out of the house. (Practically all children were born in spring, since men and women slept together only outdoors, in summer.) The sweathouse was arranged with seven seats around the fire, which were occupied according to rank. Each man had a redwood stool and headrest. It was believed that feeding the fire with wood from the tops of certain tall firs would produce luck in the quest for wealth; whatever their potency, these branches did produce a smoky fire, and the men had to lie close to the ground to avoid suffocating. To stay awake in the heat, they used strong tobacco or took an icy plunge in the river, then rubbed their bodies with herbs.

One highly desirable role in Yurok society was reserved for women—that of shaman, with its attendant high fees for cures. During her trial period the aspiring shaman was visited in a dream or trance by a guardian spirit in the form of a dead shaman, a chicken hawk, or perhaps a whale, who put a "pain" into her. Since "pains" came in pairs, she would ascend a mountain to dance and wait for the second "pain." When it came she went into a trance and was carried to the sweathouse of her male relatives (the only time a woman might enter). There the "pains" were "cooked," or made tractable, during several days of dancing and trancing. Now mistress of her first set of pains (the best shamans acquired several sets in the course of their careers), she was ready to attempt cures. Standing by a patient, she would make one "pain" rise in her throat and then, passing her mouth over the patient's body, send the "pain" into it. If all went well, it would link up with his "pain" and both would return to the shaman, who would then vomit up the bad one and send it away.

Unlike some other tribes, the Yuroks never killed the doctor if the patient died.

THE CHINOOK INDIANS OCCUPIED THE STRATEGIC VALLEY of the Columbia, a mixed blessing that gave them economic wealth and power in aboriginal times but placed them directly in the path of the white man's westward stampede.

The Columbia offered the best trade route between coastal and inland tribes, and the Chinooks, not surprisingly, became prosperous middlemen in this commerce. They traded continuously at the mouth of the river and held a yearly trade fair at The Dalles that was the largest in the entire Northwest. Goods from as far as Alaska and the Great Plains found their way to The Dalles. The warlike Modocs of California brought slaves taken in combat; Coast Salishes from Puget Sound brought tule-mat rain capes, as well as dentalia and canoes from their neighbors farther north; the Nez Perces brought hides and other items from the buffalo hunters of the plains east of the Rockies; the Chinooks themselves brought their own great surplus of salmon.

The language of trade became known among whites as the "Chinook jargon." Primarily a blend of Chinook and Nootkan, it originally developed from the Indian Babel at The Dalles; later it was infused with some English and French. To many white settlers, the Chinooks were *the* Indians, and their name was used in a number of rather misleading contexts—Chinook salmon, Chinook wind, Chinook canoe.

Exposed to so many influences from outside their own society, the Chinooks tended to be importers rather than innovators. They wore Nootkan rain hats with whale crests, and rabbit-skin robes from the Great Basin. They carved their bowls from the horns of mountain sheep secured from Indians of the high mountains to the east. Sadly, not much is really known about the customs and daily life of these people. When they were shunted off to reservations, social patterns were so profoundly disrupted that the Chinooks lost most of their racial and cultural identity. But even before that so many had succumbed to alcohol and the white man's diseases that an observer could say their "race is nearly run." Although five thousand strong when Lewis and Clark encountered them, by the 1850s the Chinooks had been reduced to a hundred "miserable, whiskey-drinking vagabonds."

The other cultural groups of the Northwest fared somewhat better than the Chinooks. The Yuroks, hidden in the tangled mountains of northern California, were off the thoroughfare of westward movement. Today they at least retain a tribal memory of the time when their narrow homeland seemed sacred, although modern distractions have set them adrift between two cultures. The Nootkas and their neighbors also continue to live on some of the same land and in somewhat the same fashion as they did in centuries past. On their reserves they practice rituals derived from the ones of their cultural heyday—but the details have changed; adze blades are no longer stone but metal and potlatch gifts now include sewing machines and pool tables. The temptations of "progress" are strong, and these people, who in the eighteenth century beat off white explorers and hunters, are now succumbing to the modern world and relinquishing the timeless culture of their ancestors.

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A CHAINED DOG: THE INDIAN-FIGHTING ARMY

Military Strategy on the Western Frontier

by Robert M. Utley

THE CUSTER 1874 BLACK HILLS EXPEDITION; NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The supply train chained the frontier army. Such a column rarely caught up with fast-moving Indians.

THE TYPICAL EXPEDITION AGAINST INDIANS, wrote an experienced army officer in 1891, could be likened to a dog fastened by a chain—"within the length of chain irresistible, beyond it powerless. The chain was its wagon train and supplies." This comment, penned as the Indian wars drew to a close, captured a central truth about the Indian-fighting army. It never broke free from the restraints of conventional strategy to adapt to the realities of its mission.

Paradoxically, while the decades following the Civil War brought stagnation to the regular army, they also brought an awakening professionalism. The example of Prussia, dramatized by the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, provided one stimulus, and the restless, innovative William Tecumseh Sherman, commanding general of the U.S. Army, another. Strengthening the infant Artillery School and the Engineering School of Application during the 1870s, founding the School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry at Fort Leavenworth in 1881, Sherman laid the foundations of a system of advanced military education. He created opportunities for officers to observe foreign armies and report on their practices. Under his patronage, Lt. Col. Emory Upton traveled around the world and set forth his findings in *The Armies of Asia and Europe*. Although Upton's enormously influential *The Military Policy of the United States* was not published until 1904, its contents reached a wide audience in other forms almost immediately after his tragic suicide in 1884. From its founding

in 1863, the *Army and Navy Journal* provided a forum for exchange of opinion. Professional journals began to appear in the 1880s, organs of newly created associations for promoting study and discussion of military theory, such as the Military Service Institution of the United States and the U.S. Cavalry Association. By the 1890s, when the Indian wars finally ended, professionalism flourished in the army.

The gathering currents of professionalism, centering on conventional wars of the future, left almost wholly untouched the unconventional wars of the present. Neither West Point nor the postgraduate schools addressed themselves more than incidentally to the special conditions and requirements of Indian warfare. Indian campaigns found their way into professional literature as interesting history rather than as case studies from which lessons of immediate relevance might be drawn. Sherman's belief that the British experience in India might suggest techniques applicable to the American West partly motivated Upton's world travels. But *The Armies of Asia and Europe,* reflecting the author's enchantment with the Prussian war machine, contained no prescriptions for unconventional war. Military thought continued to focus on the next foreign war, as Gen. W. S. Hancock made clear when he advised a congressional committee in 1876 that the Indian service of the army was "entitled to no weight" in determining the proper strength, composition, and organization of the army Yet for a full century, with brief interludes of foreign and civil war, Indian service was the army's primary mission.

Three special conditions set this mission apart from more orthodox military assignments. First, Indian service pitted the army against an enemy who usually could not be clearly differentiated from kinsmen not disposed at the moment to be enemies. Indians could change with bewildering rapidity from friend to foe to neutral and rarely could one be confidently distinguished from another.

Second, Indian service placed the army in opposition to a people that aroused conflicting emotions. Soldiers who had witnessed the plunder, rape, torture, and mutilation of Indian hostilities had no difficulty viewing the adversary as a savage beast. Yet, between conflicts, troops and Indians mingled with enough familiarity to reveal dimensions of Indian character that a white man could find fascinating and even admirable, and to disclose something of the injustice, deceit, fraud, and cruelty the Indian endured from government officials and frontier citizens. Ambivalence, therefore, marked military attitudes toward the Indians—fear, distrust, loathing, contempt, and condescension, on the one hand; curiosity, admiration, sympathy, and even friendship, on the other.

And third, the Indian mission gave the army a foe unconventional in both the techniques and the aims of warfare. Cunning, stealth, horsemanship, agility and endurance, skill with weapons, mobility, and exploitation of the natural habitat for military advantage marked his techniques. He fought on his own terms and, except when he was cornered or his family endangered, declined to fight at all unless favored with overwhelming odds. Rituals and taboos decreed by religion ordered his conduct of war. A distinctive value system made plunder and combat honors as much the motivation and goal of war as defense of home and family.

These special conditions of the Indian mission made the U.S. Army not so much a little army as a big police force. Scattered in tiny contingents through the frontier regions, it was charged with watching over the Indians and punishing those who declined to do the Great Father's bidding. Long experience might have suggested that the realities of its chief employment be acknowledged in an organization and doctrine adapted to the police function. Instead, the army tried for a century to perform its unconventional mission with conventional organization and methods. The result was an Indian record that contained more failures than successes and a lack of preparedness for conventional war that became painfully evident in 1812, 1846, 1861, and 1898.

THAT MILITARY LEADERS FAILED to develop a formal doctrine of Indian relations—for in fact Indian service entailed much more than fighting—is evidence of their lack of prescience. They simply did not foresee that Indian resistance would engage the army for a hundred years. The current or at most the next war would be the last, and then they could get on with their main business. To devise a special system for so seemingly transitory a purpose did not occur to them. The Indian troubles that occupied the army year after year therefore called forth a body of essentially orthodox strategies only slightly modified by the special conditions of the police function.

The basic strategy, as the chairman of the Board of Indian Commissioners explained it to Red Cloud in 1871, was for "the Great Father to put war-houses all through the Indian country." As Gen. E. O. C. Ord observed, "building posts in their country . . . demoralizes them more than anything else except money and whiskey." Such garrisons made bluecoats visible to the Indians and placed them close enough to help prevent trouble and react to it promptly when it broke. Both Sherman and Sheridan favored this approach, and they could point to Montana and Texas as examples of systematic pacification and settlement of areas by advancing lines of forts.

The flaws in this system arose mainly from the small size of the army. To be truly effective, the network of forts needed to be comprehensive enough to cover all potential trouble spots and strongly enough held to permit the prompt application of adequate force. An army of twenty-five thousand, with other responsibilities as well, could meet neither requirement. It could not man even a hundred posts with effective garrisons, much less the larger number the effort implied.

This article is adapted from material in Mr. Utley's forthcoming book Frontier Regulars: The United States Army and the Indian, 1866–1890 *(Macmillan, © 1973 by Robert M. Utley).*

BOTH PHOTOGRAPHS: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The basic strategy of the Indian-fighting army was for "the Great Father to put war-houses all through the Indian country." This is Fort Custer, Montana, in the 1880s.

Wherever Indian scouts were employed against their brothers, they proved highly effective. These Apache scouts were photographed at Fort Grant, Arizona, during the 1880s.

An alternative approach held that troops should be concentrated at a few strategically located posts from which they could operate in strength wherever needed. General Pope and others who urged concentration were actually less concerned with Indian strategy than with the injury that dispersion caused to regimental drill, discipline, and administration. Almost everyone, even Sherman and Sheridan, conceded the benefits that would flow from concentration, but until the middle 1880s it was both practically and politically impossible. Settlers demanded protection in visible proximity—sometimes justifiably, sometimes not—and they never relinquished a nearby fort without a political struggle. Nor did they quietly acquiesce in the removal of a military market. (Testified one well-traveled observer: "There is a fort at Salt Lake City, which is there for the purpose, as I believe, of eating up Brigham Young's provisions—his surplus food.") Also, since large permanent posts required specific congressional authorization that was exceedingly difficult to obtain, the small temporary posts had to be maintained simply for the shelter they afforded the troops. Finally, the generals seem to have sensed, if they did not clearly perceive, that concentration could not work well until the Indians themselves had been concentrated on reservations and until railroad construction had so far progressed as to insure rapid movement in most directions.

In 1880 Sherman judged the railroads sufficiently advanced to begin recasting the western military system, and the Secre-

tary of War announced concentration as an official policy. Against congressional parsimony and the resistance of local constituents to abandonment of posts, however, the program proceeded slowly. Between 1880 and 1889 the number of western posts dropped from 111 to 82. During the next two years, with the prospect of Indian hostilities manifestly receding, the number fell to 62.

Torn between dispersion and concentration, the army pursued an Indian strategy that combined dispersion for defense with temporary concentration for offense. It was not a satisfactory strategy. The dispersed garrisons were too few and too weak to present an effective defense. The offensive expeditions, formed only by further weakening the defenses, took too long to assemble and proceeded under handicaps that too often negated their effectiveness for offense.

The principal handicap was lack of mobility. In fact, the offensive expedition represented a wager of strength against mobility. Such a column could not begin to match the Indian's mobility, and reasonably alert tribesmen could almost always evade one. But if the quarry could be brought to bay, the army's superiority in numbers, firepower, organization, and discipline prevailed. Against Indians, as the veteran of 1891 pointed out, such an expedition was indeed invincible within the length of its chain—its supply train—and powerless beyond.

A COLUMN OPERATING ALMOST ANYWHERE in the West devoted enormous effort to logistics. Supply depots had to be spotted at strategic points and guarded. Wagon trains or river steamers, usually owned by civilian firms under military contract, stockpiled supplies at the depots. Other trains shuttled between depot and field forces and accompanied the field forces. Each infantry company required at least one six-mule wagon, each cavalry troop three. Forage for mules and horses had to be hauled because "American" stock, unlike Indian ponies, could not subsist solely on grass—which often was not to be had anyway. Oxen did not require grain but were even slower than mules. Thus encumbered, a large command faced formidable odds in trying to run down Indians who lived off the land, traveled lightly and swiftly, and when pressed scattered to reunite later at an appointed rendezvous. The Terry-Crook campaign of August 1876 against the Sioux furnishes an example of how decisive logistics could be; it ended with the troops expending virtually all their energy and resources simply keeping themselves supplied.

General George Crook met the challenge of mobility by making his forces dependent upon mule rather than wagon transportation. Other commanders at times experimented with mule trains, with indifferent to intolerable results depending on how badly they managed the enterprise. But Crook refined the science of organizing, equipping, and operating mule trains into perhaps the highest state of perfection in the history of the U.S. Army. He lavished unceasing study and care on the selection of both mules and attendants—civilians preferred—and on the proper design, mounting, and packing of packsaddles. Efficiently managed, therefore, his trains gave him mobility, as eloquently attested in the recollections of one of Geronimo's warriors: "Troops generally carry their ammunition and supplies in wagons, therefore they follow the flat country. It was only when General George Crook chased the Indians with a column supplied by mule pack trains that the Apaches had a hard time staying out of reach."

Another hindrance to mobility was the cavalry horses' lack of endurance. Even when not deprived of regular grain allowances, army horses quickly deteriorated under extended exertion, and rare was the campaign that afforded either grain or nutritious grasses in sufficient abundance. Transportation limited the former, drought, winter, or prairie fire the latter. In 1882 the Assistant Quartermaster General of the army stated as a military principle that "Unless cavalry operate in a country well supplied with forage a large amount of wagon carriage must be furnished for forage, and in such cases cavalry is of little value except to guard its own train, and to do that in presence of an enterprising enemy it will need the addition of infantry."

Experience in the West, most notably against the Sioux and Nez Perces in 1876-77, tended to confirm this principle. Indeed, the poor performance of the cavalry in these campaigns led to an extended debate over the comparative efficiency of infantry and cavalry in Indian warfare. Infantry officers, incensed over the shrinkage the foot regiments suffered in order to permit the expansion of the mounted regiments in 1876, proclaimed the superiority of their arm. As the Sixth Infantry's Col. William B. Hazen stated the case: "After the fourth day's march of a mixed command, the horse does not march faster than the foot soldier, and after the seventh day, the foot soldier begins to outmarch the horse, and from that time on the foot soldier has to end his march earlier and earlier each day, to enable the cavalry to reach the camp the same day at all." Critics also asserted that cavalry as it had developed in America was essentially mounted infantry. Cavalrymen rode to the battlefield and then dismounted to fight. They made indifferent infantry because they were armed with lighter weapons and distracted by their horses. The trooper, even cavalry officers conceded, fought on foot because he had not been trained to fight on horseback.

No substantive changes of organization or method resulted from the debate. In fact, while articulating some truths not wholly appreciated in earlier years, infantrymen somewhat overstated their case. Despite its deficiencies in staying power and mounted performance, cavalry remained the arm most likely to close with Indians in combat. Under favorable circumstances foot troops might get into a village of Indians, conceded Gen. John Gibbon, as his own Seventh Infantry had at the Big Hole; "but, as a general rule, and especially when they are on the alert, cavalry is the only arm of the service with which that can be done." General Sherman remained convinced

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON; THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART, TULSA

Indians—such as these harassing an army supply train—would not fight according to the white man's military rules. And the white man never learned to adapt to the Indian's rules.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS AND NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Generals Sheridan (far left) and Sherman (center) applied to the Indian the same doctrines of total war with which they had devastated Georgia and Virginia during the Civil War.

General Crook (near left) understood the requirements of Indian warfare better than any other officer. He employed mules instead of wagons for supply and made extensive use of Indian auxiliaries.

that "cavalry is the most efficient arm of the service for the present existing condition of things in the Indian country." The controversy damaged the cavalrymen's ego but not their preeminence in Indian warfare.

LACKING MOBILITY, HEAVY OFFENSIVE COLUMNS brought the enemy to battle only when he could be surprised, usually in his village when encumbered with his family. The surprise attack on a village produced casualties and panic and ended with the destruction of food, shelter, stock, and other possessions. The psychological effect on the survivors as well as on allied groups often led to surrender.

A successful surprise required not only a careless enemy but also excellent intelligence and reconnaissance services. White frontiersmen and friendly Indians, wise in wilderness and Indian lore, were hired or enlisted to provide these services. "California Joe" Milner, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, "Lonesome Charlie" Reynolds, "Yellowstone" Kelly, Frank Grouard, Al Sieber, and Crow, Arikara, Osage, Shoshoni, and Apache scouts proved indispensable in locating the objective and easing a command into striking position. In employing auxiliaries so well adapted to both enemy and terrain, the army made a modest departure from conventional methods, but then failed to carry it to a logical conclusion.

Two other strategies improved prospects of a successful sur-

prise attack. First was the winter campaign. Indians tended to neglect ordinary precautions in the winter. With game and grass scarce, they were also less mobile. Regular forces ran great risks in winter operations, but the returns could be correspondingly rewarding. The second strategy involved converging columns. Several forces moving on an area of operations from different directions were more likely than one to fall on an Indian camp. Converging columns could also harry an enemy into submission simply by keeping him constantly on the move and fearful of a surprise attack. Converging columns worked well in the Red River War of 1874–75, but failed spectacularly in the Sioux War of 1876.

The surprise attack on the village was total war. In such encounters women and children were nearly always present. They mingled with the fighting men, often participated in the fighting, and in the confusion and excitement of battle were difficult to identify as noncombatants. In engagement after engagement women and children fell victim to army bullets or were cast upon a hostile country, often in winter, without food or shelter.

Total war raised disturbing moral questions, not only for the eastern humanitarians who shrilly protested military butchery but for the army as well. Some officers openly acknowledged the intent of the surprise attack to be indiscriminate killing. "The confessed aim is to exterminate everyone," concluded Col. Philippe Régis de Trobriand, "for this is the only advantage of making the expedition; if extermination were not achieved, just another burden would be added—prisoners." But other officers went to great lengths to distinguish between combatants and noncombatants. General Crook, for example, constantly emphasized this policy. Even Wounded Knee, which took the lives of at least sixty-two women and children, discloses extraordinary efforts to avoid harming them.

A generalization that acknowledges the varying attitudes of commanders toward this issue is difficult. However, conceding instances of purposeful slaughter, conceding instances of deliberate or careless killing of noncombatants by individual soldiers, and conceding instances in which commanders failed to take proper precautions, it seems clear that most officers tried hard to spare women and children. The officer corps subscribed to a Sir Walter Scott code of chivalry that exalted womanhood. Although perhaps not embracing Indian womanhood, it nevertheless held in contempt the mistreatment of women. In the majority of actions, the army shot noncombatants incidentally or accidentally, not purposefully.

BUT WHAT OF THE MORALITY OF A STRATEGY aimed at finding and destroying Indian villages where women and children would unquestionably be present and suffer death or injury? This is a question not to be asked of the Indian Wars alone but of all the conflicts in which war has been waged on whole populations. It may be argued, as General Sherman contended, that such warfare is in the end more humane because more speedily and definitely ended. The significant point is that Sherman's strategy for the conquest of the Indians was as moral, or immoral, as his march across Georgia in the Civil War or as more recent military actions involving civilian populations. The ethical questions implicit in the style of war against the Indians apply not only to the frontier army but also to the whole sweep of American military history and tradition.

Humanitarians, appalled by the killing of women and children, scored the army for practicing extermination. Some pronouncements of Sherman, Sheridan, and others sound like exterminationism. But closer examination reveals most such assertions to have been addressed not to the Indian race as a whole but only to those portions of it that defied the government's will. Extermination—a later generation would call it genocide—is the systematic obliteration of a whole people. Many officers believed extinction to be the Indian's ordained fate, but few advocated—or attempted—bringing this extinction about by war. An impulse to civilize the Indian dominated military attitudes as it dominated public sentiment and government policy—and that belies the charge that the United States pursued a policy of genocide. Nor was genocide the result; in less than a century following the end of warfare, Indian population doubled.

Though frequently criticised, the standard offensive method was never seriously threatened. Heavy columns of infantry and cavalry, locked to slow-moving supply trains, continued to crawl about the vast western distances in search of an enemy who could scatter and vanish almost instantly. Such expeditions ran up an impressive record of failures, but they also scored enough successes to discourage serious analysis of their validity of possible alternatives. Most experienced officers knew their foe as a master of guerrilla warfare. Some even spoke of using his own techniques against him. But few ever went beyond this recognition to elaborate a doctrine combining the advantages of the two kinds of warfare.

One who came close was the erudite Frenchman, Col. Philippe Régis de Trobriand. He believed that the enemy's advantages could be largely offset, first "by forming auxiliary squadrons composed of frontiersmen who know the Indians and who are able to fight them their own way"; and second "by enrolling in volunteer companies the Indians themselves who are allies of the United States and who are at war with the hostile tribes, the line officers being taken exclusively from among the men of the plains who are familiar with the habits, ideas, and languages of the tribes."

Use of experienced frontiersmen against the Indians was hardly original with de Trobriand. Western governors and congressional representatives regularly advocated the muster of state and territorial volunteers into federal service for Indian duty. Army leaders usually opposed these efforts because volunteers lacked discipline, resisted federal authority, and were given to excessive plundering of both the enemy and the federal Treasury. De Trobriand's scheme would have con-

siderably lessened these disadvantages by incorporating special units of frontiersmen directly into the regular army. The one notable test of such a plan, Maj. George A. Forsyth's scout company in Kansas in 1868, yielded encouraging results. After the Battle of Beechers Island, however, it was disbanded, and if a comparable unit was ever proposed, it failed to surmount barriers of convention and economy.

Nor was the use of Indians against Indians an original idea. Throughout the Indian Wars, the army employed Indian scouts. The army act of 1866 authorized one thousand, although after Congress imposed a ceiling of twenty-five thousand on enlisted strength the number was administratively limited to three hundred except on special occasions. Commanders testified emphatically to their worth. In de Trobriand's view, however, they were valuable not solely as scouts, guides, and trailers but as fighters as well. Organized in military units under white officers, they would function roughly as regular troops in all situations except combat, when they would throw aside the white man's trappings and fight as Indians. Even as de Trobriand wrote, Frank and Luther North were validating this thesis on the central plains. From 1866 to 1870 their famous battalion of Pawnee scouts showed conclusively that Indians could be organized in military units and employed with good effect against other Indians.

ANOTHER WHO VIEWED Indian warfare with rare insight was George Crook. Like de Trobriand, Crook saw the advantages of friendly tribesmen as auxiliaries in campaigns against hostiles. He used Shoshonis against Paiutes in Oregon in 1866–68, Pimas and Maricopas against Apaches in Arizona in 1872–73, and Shoshonis and Crows against Sioux in Wyoming and Montana in 1876. In these operations Crook did not organize his allies as formally as suggested by de Trobriand or practiced by the North brothers, or as he himself did in Arizona in later years. Usually they fought under their own leaders and followed their own inclinations as often as the instructions of the officers or white scouts assigned to accompany them.

Crook gave this approach a significant variation. Rather than seek allies in one tribe to fight another, he turned to the very tribe against which his operations were directed. The efficacy of this method lay not only in matching the enemy's special skills but also in the psychological impact on the enemy of finding his own people arrayed against him. "To polish a diamond there is nothing like its own dust," Crook explained to a reporter in 1886:

"It is the same with these fellows. Nothing breaks them up like turning their own people against them. They don't fear the white soldiers, whom they easily surpass in the peculiar style of warfare which they force upon us, but put upon their trail an enemy of their own blood, an enemy as tireless, as foxy, and as stealthy and familiar with the country as they themselves, and it breaks them all up. It is not merely a question of catching them better with Indians, but of a broader and more enduring aim—their distintegration."

Applied successfully by both Crook and Col. Nelson A. Miles in the closing stages of the Sioux War of 1876, the practice received its most intensive test under Crook's supervision in the Apache conflicts of the 1880s.

Exclusive or even major use of Indians as combat forces entailed grave risks. They were kinsmen, racial if not tribal, of the people being hunted, and one could never be fully certain of their reliability. Good leadership offset much of the gamble. Crook chose his scout officers with great care. Young men of ambition, dedication, sensitivity, and above all rapport with their men offered the best prospects. These officers, remarked one perceptive observer, were less "Indian-fighters" than "Indian-thinkers." Indian scouts and fighting auxiliaries compiled an almost uniform record of faithfulness—the mutiny at Cibicu was a rare exception—but this record failed to allay widespread suspicions. General Sheridan's distrust of Apache scouts led to the greatest disappointment of Crook's career.

Finally, Crook recognized that successful Indian strategy involved far more than simply fighting Indians. He framed four precepts to guide him in dealing with them: first, to make no promises that could not be kept; second, to tell the truth always; third, to provide remunerated labor; and fourth, "to be patient, to be just, and to fear not." Unfortunately, few officers either of the army or Indian Bureau possessed the intellectual and human qualities to follow such a code. And even Crook, sharing authority with civilian officials and reporting to superiors who could overrule him, found adherence discouragingly difficult and sometimes impossible.

The nation's leaders failed to heed the lessons of Crook's experience. With a conventional military force they tried to control, by conventional military methods, a people that did not behave like conventional enemies and, indeed, quite often were not enemies at all. Usually, the situation did not call for warfare, merely for policing. That is, offending individuals or groups needed to be separated from the innocent and punished. But this the conventional force could rarely do. As a result, punishment often fell, when it fell at all, on guilty and innocent alike. Needed, instead of a conventional army, was a force that could differentiate between guilty and innocent and, employing the Indian's own fighting style, could effectively contend with the guilty.

The Indian scout companies evolved in the 1870s and 1880s by Crook and others suggested what might be achieved by Indian auxiliaries given a scale and continuity sufficient to permit the full effect to be demonstrated. A brief experiment in the early 1890s of creating an Indian company in every regiment stationed in the West represented misdirected effort; it aimed less at exploiting the Indian's peculiar abilities than transforming him into a conventional soldier, and anyway the Indian Wars had ended by the time the program got fully under way. Nor did the reservation police forces organized by

Continued on page 61

CUSTER COUNTRY:
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF CHANGE

The hand of man and nature on South Dakota's Black Hills—brought to life through historic photographs

by Frank J. Shideler

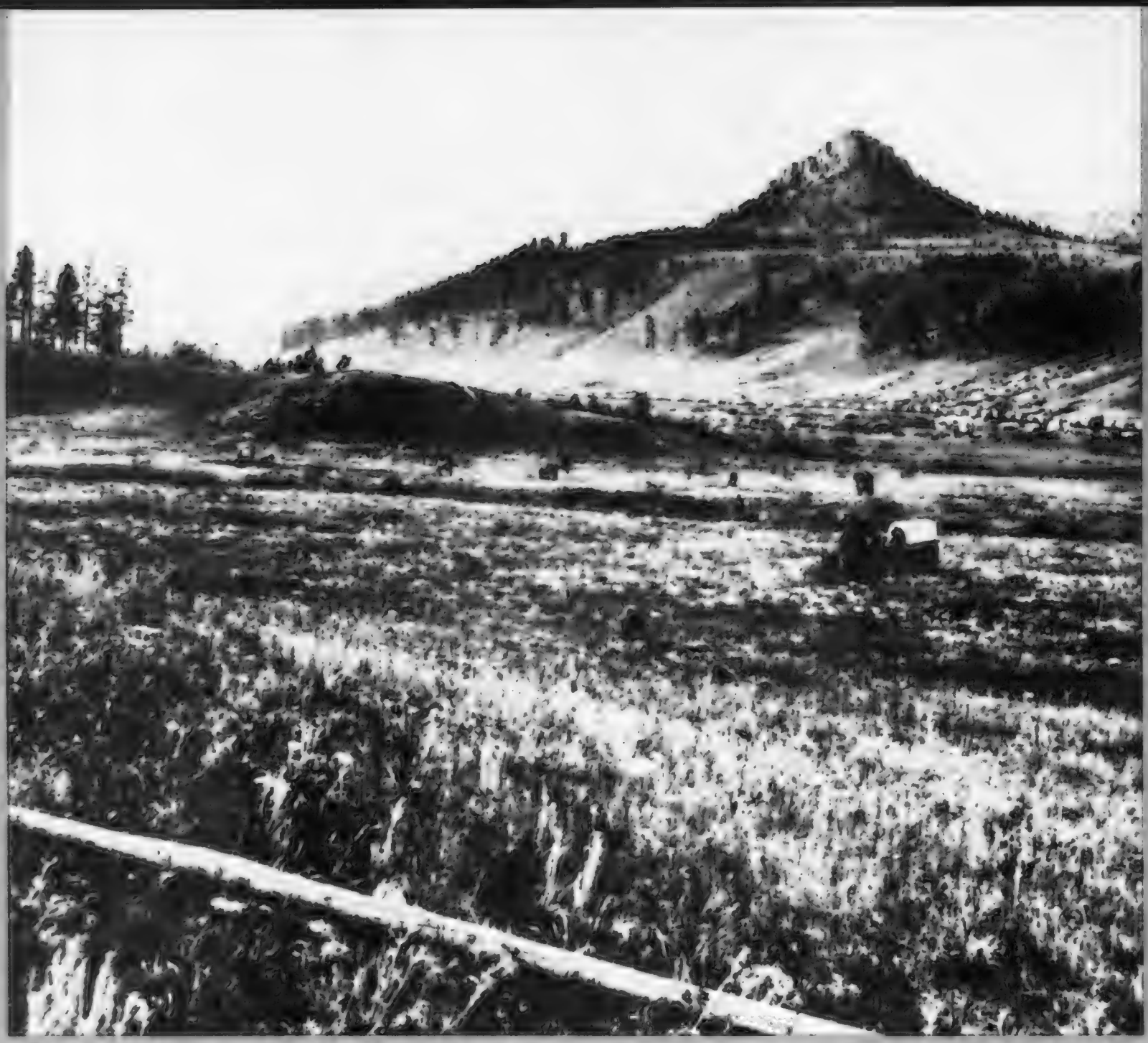
SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Bvt. Maj. Gen. George A. Custer realized a lifelong ambition when he shot this grizzly bear in the Black Hills in 1874. These animals are now rare in the region.

IN JULY AND AUGUST of 1874—just two years before his appointment with destiny at the Little Big Horn—Bvt. Maj. Gen. George Armstrong Custer led a force of some 1,000 men and 110 wagons on a history-making and controversial expedition into the Black Hills of the Dakota Territory. The flamboyant young general's command, which included ten companies of the U.S. Seventh Cavalry and two companies of infantry, plus a sizable corps of civilian guides and teamsters, Indian scouts, and government scientists, had been dispatched by Maj. Gen. Philip Sheridan to reconnoiter a 43,000-square-mile area set aside by treaty in 1868 as a reserve for the Sioux Indian nation. During its two-month trek into this previously forbidden region, the expedition blazed an 883-mile-long trail and crossed western South Dakota and parts of Wyoming, Montana, and North Dakota. Civilian prospectors accompanying the force found evidence of gold deposits—a discovery credited with sparking a population influx which in turn helped trigger the 1876 Indian wars.

Now, nearly a century later, researchers from South Dakota State University are retracing much of the Black Hill's Expedition's route with camera and film to obtain graphic evidence of what has transpired since the first major confrontation between white man and nature in this oasis of forest and mountain meadow jutting into the Northern Great Plains.

Such a comparison is possible because Custer's civilian entourage included William H. Illingworth, a pioneer St. Paul, Minnesota, photographer. Outfitted by army order with "a camera, a spring wagon for his equipment and supplies,



In 1874 William H. Illingworth photographed the area surrounding one of the Black Hills Expedition's campsites, near present-day Deerfield in western South Dakota.

rations, horse and forage, and money for living expenses," Illingworth made dozens of stereo views of the terrain traversed by the expedition, which he later sold commercially. Reproductions of these pictures have appeared in numerous publications over the years.

According to old records, Illingworth used the "wet-plate" process which had been perfected by such masters as Mathew Brady and Alexander Gardner during the Civil War. He first had to prepare a light-sensitive solution on a glass plate in his portable darkroom, expose it in his bulky camera for ten to fifteen seconds, and then immediately develop the negative before the emulsion dried. Illingworth later made prints from his fragile negatives back in his St. Paul studio.

Illingworth's modern-day counterparts are Donald R. Progulske, head of the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries Sciences at South Dakota State University, and Richard H. Sowell, a university photographer. Mainly, what Dr. Progulske and Sowell are doing is to match, exactly, the pictures taken on the 1874 expedition. This is no small task when considering such unknowns as the type of camera and lenses used by Illingworth, descriptions of the areas photographed, or the time of day during which the original pictures were made. In many cases the areas around the original sites have changed completely in appearance (see photographs on page 29).

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHS: AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION, SOUTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY

A recent photograph of exactly the same scene shows that the forest cover is much more extensive today. Where covered wagons once rolled through wild flowers, there is now a cultivated crop.

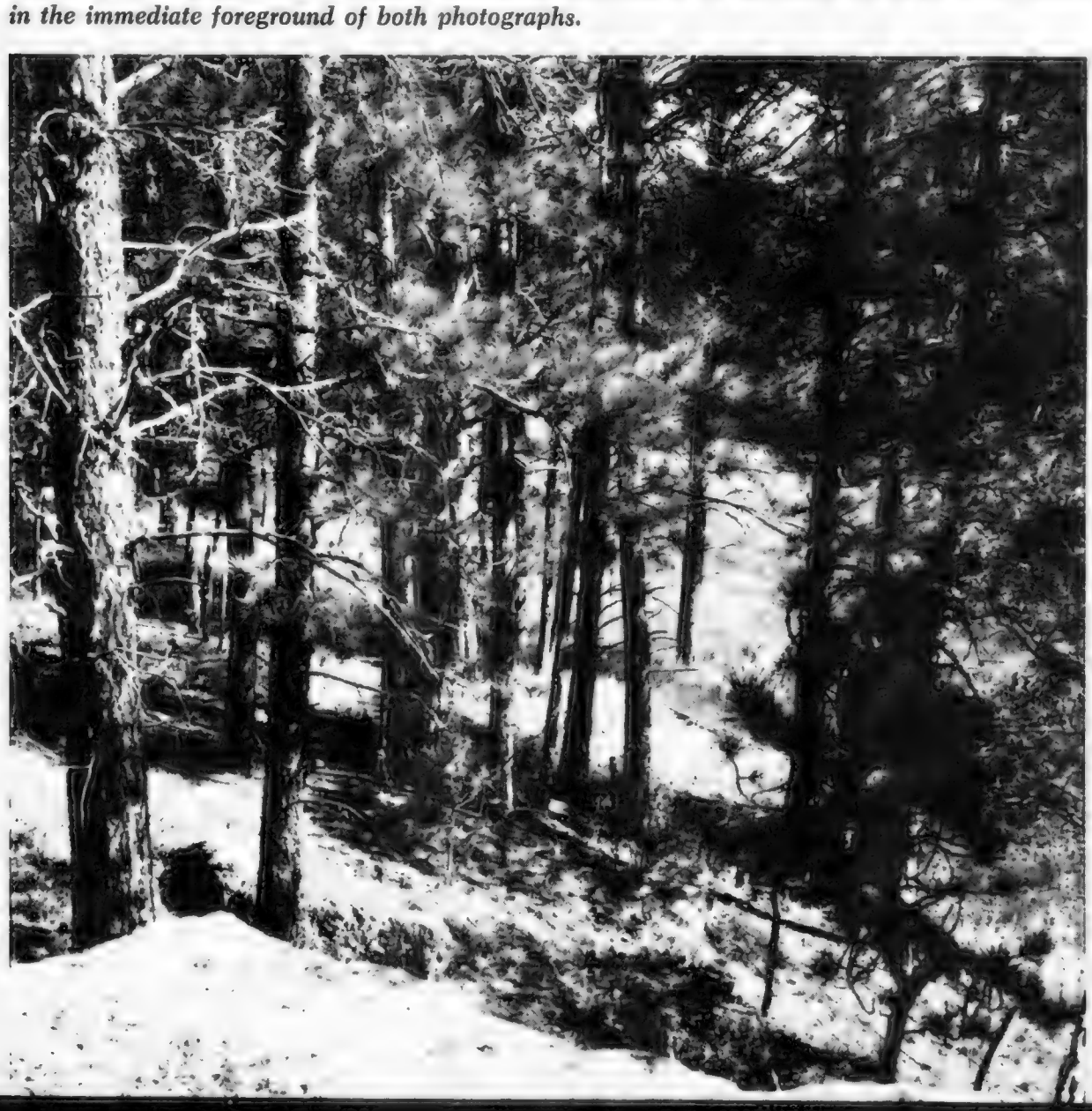
Illingworth's original glass negatives—the key to the intent of the research project—were discovered several years ago in a St. Paul attic and are now in the South Dakota Historical Society Museum at Pierre. They were carefully duplicated for the project.

What have the researchers learned? First, emphasizes Dr. Progulske, the Black Hills region is still a beautiful and economically important one. But there have been some significant changes. One of the most marked differences between recent photographs and those taken in 1874 is the increase in pine vegetation. When General Custer went through the Black Hills the setting was generally more wide-open and parklike. His official report on the area included such comments as "In no portion of the United States, not excepting the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky, have I ever seen grazing superior. . . . Every step [takes one] amid flowers of the most exquisite colors and perfume." This new forest growth may have resulted in curtailing wildlife development in the region and in reducing its potential production of natural resources, including lumber.

It is Dr. Progulske's contention, however, that while such changes are partially the result of man's over-disturbance of nature, they have not always been intentional on his part—some were instead "ecological backfires" resulting from a lack

An expedition campsite (above) is now the site of a tourist attraction and a highway leading into nearby Custer, South Dakota (below). While more vegetation is visible today than in 1874, the difference is not as great as in some parts of the Black Hills because much of the forest along highways has been thinned and because the soil is not as thick here as elsewhere.

A once-open valley (above) was one of the more difficult locations for researchers to find for comparison. Trees estimated to be about sixty years old (below) now completely block the view as seen a century ago. The site was nevertheless determined by matching the large rocks visible in the immediate foreground of both photographs.



Photographer Illingworth made the above view after the Custer expedition had passed through Castle Creek Valley, South Dakota. Tracks of the wagon train can be faintly seen along the valley floor.

of knowledge as well as from natural causes such as lightning, insects, and winds. There are "seral" stages in the development of a forest and in the case of Black Hills ponderosa pine this natural succession usually begins after destruction by a forest fire, winds, or other factors which "open" the forest. Unless controlled by removal of some trees through management planning or natural causes, the pine may develop into "doghair" stands so thick that only about a third of the moisture that falls ever reaches the ground. This depletes natural water resources. Because little sunlight penetrates through such forests, forbs and grasses do not grow, altering the food balance for wildlife. Furthermore, these dog-hair stands which "close" the forest are a dangerous fire hazard. As far as lumbering is concerned, overcrowding of trees inhibits growth, so that trees do not reach saw-log size and proper thinning becomes costly.

Eventually such pine forests overtop the remainder of the forest vegetation, reaching what is known as "climax." This total process may take from 150 to 200 years. It is hoped that the comparison photographs being made will compress this span of time into a more easily understood "capsule" of information for teaching, research, and benefit to the public. Because many of the comparison pictures were taken in the Black Hills National Forest—the first in the nation where

In a photograph taken nearly a century later, the difference in forest cover is striking. A paved road now follows almost exactly the path blazed by Custer's covered wagons.

regulated cutting was done (in 1898)—they are particularly useful in demonstrating the effects of man's long-term land use and management.

Another example of change in the Black Hills cited by Dr. Progulske is in the area's wildlife. Elk were probably the main grazers of forbs and grasses there at the time of white settlement, as there were more open areas then for such grazing. But elk and grizzly bears—specimens of which were taken during the Custer expedition—are no longer common in the region.

South Dakota State University's project is expected to be of value to historians, ecologists, biologists, foresters, and game and land management specialists, as well as of interest to the thousands of tourists who annually flock to the Black Hills. When research is completed an Agricultural Experiment Station publication will be issued featuring up to seventy of the photographs, and plans are being made in cooperation with the U.S. Forest Service to erect markers along highways near where the pictures were made to provide visitors with a unique visual comparison of the then-and-now.

Frank J. Shideler *is editor for the Agricultural Information Office, College of Agriculture and Biological Sciences, South Dakota State University.*

RED MEN OF THE PLAINS 1500–1870

The popular image of the buffalo-hunting Indian reflects just one aspect of a culture that was characterized by changing patterns in population, tribal distribution, and mobility

by Francis Haines, Sr.

THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART, TULSA

This interpretation of a proud Blackfoot warrior—drawn by visiting Swiss artist Karl Bodmer in 1833—epitomizes the modern view of the nomadic buffalo-hunting plains Indian.

THE NOMADIC HUNTING TRIBES OF INDIANS that roamed the Great Plains loom large in the history of the nineteenth century. Gaily adorned riders dashing about on colorful horses, villages of several hundred tepees moving from one campsite to another in a few hours, ritualistic warfare that included the scalping of victims and the torturing of prisoners, strange religious rites culminating in the elaborate Sun Dance ritual—all proved fascinating to writers and artists who had visited the West, as well as to many people who never even reached the Mississippi River but who extolled the wild Indians in imaginative fiction and lurid pictures.

Then—after the West had been overrun and the Indians had been put onto reservations—Wild West shows, circuses, motion pictures, and finally television publicized various interpretations of the red man. Today Americans are conditioned from childhood to an unquestioning acceptance of the mid-nineteenth-century nomadic tribes of the Great Plains as distorted and amplified by the pens, brushes, and cameras of the twentieth century. We assume that what we see represents conditions on the Great Plains as they existed for many hundreds of years.

This distorted image is so much a part of the common concept of the American West that it influences even the historian. He, of course, will discard most of the fiction and modern cultural additions; but he is not so apt to realize that through the last few centuries the distribution of Indians on the Great Plains and their fringe areas was in a state of flux, that some of the tribes most prominent in Indian-white conflicts were latecomers to the plains, and that the population of the whole area increased greatly between the sixteenth and mid-nineteenth centuries. This account is an attempt to present an orderly picture of this period of change.

The dance of the Mandan tribe's Bull Society, also witnessed by Bodmer, presents another aspect of plains life. Like the Blackfeet, these Indians were buffalo-hunters—but unlike them, the Mandans lived in permanent earthen-mound villages.

IN 1781 THE INDIAN TRIBES of the Great Plains suffered from a widespread epidemic of smallpox, the first major affliction laid upon them by the advancing white man. Therefore anthropologists like to use the year 1780 to mark the end of an important period in plains Indian history and have made careful estimates of the population and land holdings for that year. Although all of the buffalo hunting tribes had secured horses and some guns from the white man before that time, their conflicts were still intertribal in nature and most difficulties with their neighbors were of long standing.

The arrival of the horse on the plains, in about 1650, marks another important point of reference in the history of these Indians, for its adoption radically changed the living pattern of the buffalo hunting tribes and also induced other tribes to become buffalo hunters. Uncounted millions of buffalo had ranged the grasslands for several thousand years previously, but it was not until the Indian hunter obtained the mobility provided by the horse that he was able to kill buffalo efficiently, regularly, and in ample numbers. As a direct result of this increased dependable supply of food, plains tribes increased rapidly in size, from a population of not more than 50,000 in 1650 to an estimated 100,000 in 1780.

Nevertheless, the population for 1650 represents a large increase over that of just a century earlier. This increase was caused by the influx of several tribes of the Siouan family that had moved westward from the Ohio valley.

The original migration of the Siouan family of tribes into North America probably covered a period of several thousand years. They first crossed from Siberia to Alaska, then moved southeast across western Canada and Minnesota, south around Lake Michigan, and finally into the Ohio valley in many small, distantly related groups. Later some of these small groups

BOTH PAGES: THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART, TULSA

Catching Wild Horses *by George Catlin. The adoption of the horse gave the plains Indian the mobility and speed he needed to move his villages about and to hunt buffalo effectively.*

pushed on—or were pushed—across the Appalachians. They settled in the foothills of the eastern slopes, from central Virginia southward into northern Georgia; here they stayed until they were finally overwhelmed by white settlers.

Several larger Siouan tribes lived in the Ohio valley until about 1500. Then the large Indian towns went into a decline, losing much of their population. During this time of disorder some Siouan tribes abandoned their settlements and moved west across the Mississippi River to the eastern edge of the Great Plains. There in the timbered fringe they built new villages and planted new cornfields. The Osage and Missouri tribes settled in Missouri; the Iowa-Ponca-Oto went first into Wisconsin, then southwest into Iowa where they later divided into three separate but closely related tribes.

The largest of the Siouan tribes, the Dakotas, more popularly known as the Sioux, went northwest into the lake country of Minnesota. They built permanent villages too; but instead of planting corn, depended on the ample stands of wild rice growing in lakes and swamps for their grain crop. The last of the Siouan tribes to leave the Ohio valley were the Mosopelas, who went down the river to settle in the present-day state of Mississippi, near Biloxi.

The Omaha, Mandan, Hidatsa, Assiniboin, and Crow tribes of the Siouan family settled along the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers long before the other Siouan tribes began to move west from the Ohio valley. It is possible that none of these had ever migrated as far southeast as the Ohio valley. Unlike the other Siouan tribes mentioned, they had no tradition of having come from the east.

While the bulk of the Siouan tribes were still in the Ohio valley, another wave of migration from Siberia brought in the Uto-Aztecan family, with the Shoshonis bringing up the rear of the migration. The last of the Shoshonis settled in Alberta and held the southern portion from the Bow River on until 1781. Other bands occupied the Montana plains just east of the Rockies as far south as Sun River. Some of them continued on to the south and east into Wyoming to become the Wind River Shoshonis. Others, the Comanches, moved south into eastern Colorado.

From Sun River other Shoshonis followed the Missouri through southwestern Montana and across the continental divide into southern Idaho, eastern Utah, and western Colorado. The Utes were the advance guard of this group. Still other Shoshonis moved southwest across Nevada and into the Mohave country of southern California, which during that period was a fertile, well-watered region. When the Mohave later changed into a desert the Shoshonis were forced to retreat to the northeast.

The last group to migrate from Siberia, the Athapascans, occupied northern Canada and sent only two small tribes into the buffalo country. The Navahos went west of the Rockies and hunted buffalo only occasionally. The Apaches went to the south, well east of the mountains, filtering through the older settled tribes until they came to western Kansas, where they occupied the small river valleys. There they built villages of earth-covered lodges and cultivated small patches of corn. After the Spanish colonized New Mexico, numerous Pueblo fugitives from the Spanish ranches joined the Apaches. They brought with them skills in farming, pottery-making, and weaving which they taught to the Apaches.

Until about 1650 the migratory movements of these various tribes caused very little intertribal friction. The tribes were small and their holdings were separated from those of their neighbors by wide expanses of grasslands. During this peaceful occupation of the new lands, few colorful raids or battles were enshrined in tribal tradition.

Snake and Sioux Indians on the Warpath ***by Alfred Jacob Miller. After about 1650 pressures from neighboring hostile tribes often determined plains Indian migration patterns.***

THE FRINGES OF OPEN FOREST along the eastern edges of the Great Plains proved attractive to the newcomers from the Ohio valley. The conditions of soil and climate were much like those in their old homes. They could use their old farming methods for gardens and field crops, and they had the same building materials at hand for their villages. They managed to adjust to hunting buffalo on the open plains—an operation somewhat different from killing buffalo in small scattered bands in the Ohio country—and the favorable environment plus the added meat supply apparently led to a rather rapid increase in population. The small migrant tribes grew from a few hundred to a thousand or more.

Many of the village sites and the approximate sizes of the groups living in them have been determined fairly accurately by carbon datings from recent excavations. If all of these known sites are plotted on a map and a hunting area available to hunters on foot is marked out for each village, it is clear that only a small portion of the grasslands was visited even occasionally by small hunting bands, while the Great Plains stretched indefinitely beyond all human invasion, and uncounted millions of buffalo roamed unmolested.

European cultural influence impinged on the Great Plains tribes well ahead of the actual presence of traders and colonists. From Spanish colonists established along the Rio Grande in New Mexico in 1598 came the horse. The first animals reached the Indians at the western edge of the southern plains about 1650; by 1700 Indians had horses as far north as the Arkansas River and as far east as the Missouri border. The Comanches in eastern Colorado welcomed the new servants and, with the instruction of fugitives from the Spanish ranches, rapidly became excellent horsemen. Almost overnight their buffalo hunting improved in efficiency. Fresh meat in abundance was at hand for the taking throughout most of the year and soon became established as the ordinary fare. When an occasional short period of poor hunting forced a Comanche band onto a temporary diet of dried meat it was considered a time of privation. This ample, dependable food supply soon brought with it an increase in population and led the bands to roam farther out onto the plains, where they followed the buffalo herds for months at a time. Several of the bands became entirely nomadic, but a portion of the Comanches still clung to their little farming villages along the upper Arkansas River until these were destroyed by Spanish soldiers in 1727.

The Comanches found a ready market for buffalo robes and dried meat at Taos, New Mexico, but found it difficult to buy the two trade items they most desired, guns and horses. They soon learned that the Spanish would pay large sums as ransom for any baptized Pueblo Indian who had run off to the Apache villages in western Kansas. The Comanches then became active slavers, raiding the villages for both fugitives and Apaches. The captives were taken to New Mexico or Texas.

At about the same time that the Comanches began their raids against the Apaches, French traders ascended the Mississippi River from the Gulf, bringing trade goods, including guns, to the Osages in central Missouri. The traders encouraged the Osages to make slave raids against the Apache villages to the west, the captives going to swell the labor force on the sugar plantations of Louisiana. With the Osages attacking from the east and the Comanches from the west, the Apache villages were soon almost wiped out. Survivors of the raids fled, some to the south deep into Texas, the rest across New Mexico into the White Mountains on the New Mexico–Arizona border. They reached the White Mountains in force in about 1750 and held this area as their home against all comers until the 1880s. The Comanches claimed all the area

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Fort William on the Laramie *by Alfred Jacob Miller. The advancing frontier spelled the beginning of the end for the plains culture.*

that the Apaches had deserted as part of their hunting grounds, until they in turn were driven south of the Arkansas River in 1838 by the combined forces of the Cheyennes and Arapahos.

During this same period the small Kiowa tribe moved east and south from their home above the Three Forks of the Missouri in Montana, passing between the scattered holdings of the Crows and Arapahos on the west and the Missouri River tribes on the east. The Kiowas finally crossed the Arkansas River and engaged in a few skirmishes with the Comanches before the two tribes made a lasting peace and settled into friendly cooperation.

In Wisconsin, trade guns from the French at Green Bay allowed the tribes along the shore of Lake Michigan to put added pressure on tribes farther to the west. The Cheyennes were driven from the valley of the Minnesota River into North Dakota and after about 1800 were forced across the Missouri. They then went to the Platte Valley in western Nebraska and became entirely nomadic, the Southern Cheyennes roaming south to the Arkansas River and the Northern Cheyennes hunting along the North Platte in western Nebraska and southeastern Wyoming.

The Arapaho and Gros Ventre tribes were driven from the woodland fringe near the Red River and forced toward the southwest. The Gros Ventres then settled in northeastern Montana while the Arapahos relocated near the Cheyennes. These three tribes all belonged to the Algonkin family.

The most important Algonkin group of buffalo hunters in the nineteenth century were the Blackfeet. For centuries they had wandered in little hunting bands of from eight to fifteen people through the forests west of Hudson's Bay. But after other tribes along the shore of Hudson's Bay secured guns from the British traders, they pushed the Blackfoot bands west into more open woodland near the base of the Rocky Mountains, the home of the wood buffalo. There the Blackfeet found better hunting, but the new environment and new kind of game forced them to group together into larger bands capable of coping with the new problems. This in turn increased their hunting efficiency, their meat supply, and in time their population. When the Blackfeet finally secured horses sometime between 1730 and 1750, they were able to hunt and fight in even larger groups. Their increased security against enemy raids, coupled with an enlarged food supply, again increased their population.

Until 1781 the Blackfeet were blocked from southern expansion by strong Shoshoni bands who held the south bank of the Bow River in southern Alberta. Then an epidemic of smallpox wiped out a large Shoshoni village, and the other Shoshonis withdrew into Montana. The Blackfeet then moved almost unopposed into Montana and claimed hunting grounds as far south as Sun River. They embarked on a pattern of aggressive warfare against the remaining Shoshoni to the southwest and the Crows to the southeast in a determined effort to enlarge their holdings.

To the southeast the Blackfoot raiding parties reached the Santa Fe Trail in western Kansas during the 1820s. And to the southwest they struck as far as the headwaters of the Missouri and across the continental divide into southern Idaho. For about two decades they mounted strong annual raids into the upper Snake River country. This attempt at conquest ended abruptly in 1837 when smallpox wiped out over half the tribe. But the Shoshonis had been expelled from a wide strip of land extending from the Bow River in southern Alberta south to the Montana–Idaho border. This action has been frequently overlooked by historians.

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Last of the Buffalo ***by Albert Bierstadt. The white man's destruction of the life-giving buffalo herds deprived the Indian of his means of independence.***

After 1837 the Blackfeet were on the defensive against the tribes from the Columbia basin. These tribes, led by the Nez Perce and Flathead Indians, had been hunting buffalo in southern Montana for about fifty years. Now they began taking over some of the central hunting grounds from the weakened Blackfeet, but they did not move permanently into the buffalo country. Their hunting parties sometimes stayed for as long as two or three years at a time but they still claimed their western villages as their homes.

Meanwhile the Dakota bands had all secured horses and some became nomadic, ranging westward to the Missouri. There is no specific data on how long the others remained semi-nomadic, clinging to their villages and rice swamps; but it is definite that about half the tribe retained their villages in the Minnesota lake country until the 1860s.

The Dakota bands claimed all the land west to the Missouri by 1825, when they established a foothold on the east bank. Each summer for the next twelve years they sent many hunting parties across the river. After smallpox wiped out the Mandans in 1837 and reduced the Arikaras to a state of impotence, the Dakotas moved across the Missouri in force and some bands spent the entire year there. They continued to move west and, by about 1845, occupied both the Black Hills in South Dakota and the Powder River country in Wyoming and Montana. When the Dakota chiefs met with the federal commissioners at Fort Laramie in 1851, they boldly claimed all of this newly occupied territory as part of their ancestral lands.

Until 1862 the Dakotas held a wide expanse of the plains. They claimed lands extending west from the central Minnesota lakes into Wyoming and Montana. Their uprising in Minnesota was a vain attempt to stay the advance of the settlers into that area and to save the villages and rice swamps that they had held for about two centuries. When the fighting ended the last of the Dakotas had been driven out onto the plains, where they of necessity were nomadic—until becoming confined to reservations about twenty years later.

The pattern that developed from 1500 on makes it clear that the migrant Indian hunters from northern Canada shunned the Great Plains as a strange and awesome land. As they moved south, hunting bands stayed close to the eastern ranges of the Rocky Mountains or clung to the forest fringe to the east. Their only divergence from these routes was along the river valleys, where the timbered bottoms offered fuel and shelter.

Until the coming of the horse it was physically impossible for a tribe of buffalo hunters to become entirely nomadic. Without horses or some other beast of burden its members could not transport enough food and shelter to survive the bitter winter blizzards sweeping down from the Arctic. Even the hardy vaquero Apaches that the Coronado Expedition found in the Texas Panhandle in 1540 spent the winter months of each year among the Pueblo villages on the Pecos River.

After the hunting tribes had secured horses and had become semi-nomadic, they still clung to their winter villages until strong outside forces drove them into the open plains. Once they had become nomadic and followed the buffalo herds the year around, they prospered and multiplied until the whole Great Plains area was crisscrossed by the trails of the wandering tribes. Then came the advancing farming frontier and the destruction of the buffalo herds, putting an abrupt end to a colorful chapter of the history of the American West.

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Iron White Man, a chief.

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

Gertrude Käsabier's Indian Portraits

by Ed Holm

Joe Black Fox, another chief.

PROBABLY NO OTHER ASPECT of the Old West provided as fascinating a subject for the photographer as the American Indian. The red man's noble mien, his colorful attire, and his inherent mystique combined to produce an image of such natural forcefulness that—despite the stereotyped conventions of nineteenth-century portraiture—surviving studies of Indians are prized as much for their aesthetic beauty as for their ethnological value. A number of frontier photographers, including Timothy O'Sullivan, William Henry Jackson, L. A. Huffman, William S. Soule, John Anderson, Adam Clark Vroman, and George Benjamin Wittick, produced notable portraits, both in their studios and the field.

The remarkable pictures on these pages, however—made at about the turn of the century by New York photographer Gertrude Käsabier—are representative of a later era, when the traditional "top-light, the head-rest, the papier maché accessories" of the picture gallery were being set aside in favor of a more interpretive and artistic style of portraiture. Mrs. Käsabier herself was a leader in this movement. She was also a member of that loosely knit but exclusive group of

Amos Two Bulls.

talented American photographers known as the "Photo-Secession," which under its mentor, Alfred Stieglitz, ultimately had much influence in bringing about the widespread acceptance of photography as a valid art form. Mrs. Käsabier's reputation as a professional portraitist was an enviable one; one critic of the day did not hesitate to laud her as "the greatest portrait photographer in the world." With a background as a trained artist, she probably had as great a command of light, tone, and pictorial composition as any photographer of her day. But in addition to her skills as a technician, Mrs. Käsabier was much respected by her peers for her "absolute sincerity," her "intuition, tact, sympathy, and infinite patience"—qualities amply reflected in the perceptive and sensitive portraits reproduced here. Gertrude Käsabier's association with the red man was a fleeting one—she made only about twenty such portraits—but the stature of these is such that, in quality if not quantity, she merits comparison with that giant of twentieth-century Indian pictorialists, Edward S. Curtis.

Because Mrs. Käsabier left few written records, we do not have much information regarding the circumstances by which

Amos Little.

she came about making these portraits. We do know that the Indians pictured were members of William F. Cody's enormously successful Wild West Show soon after the turn of the century—in either 1900 or 1901—and that they were almost certainly photographed in Mrs. Käsabier's New York studio during one of the show's visits to the old Madison Square Garden. As many as fifty Indians appeared with the Wild West during these years, usually recruited (with the aid of the Bureau of Indian Affairs) from the Sioux reservations in the Dakotas. The most famous of Cody's Indian guests was the renowned Sioux chief Sitting Bull, who toured the United States and Canada with the show in 1885. An "Indian village" had been an important part of Buffalo Bill's production from its very first tour in 1883 and during the more than twenty years of its existence provided hundreds of thousands of thrilled spectators across two continents with their first authentic view of a proud culture that even then was becoming colored in legend.

Ed Holm *is managing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

HOW MANY INDIANS WERE KILLED?

White Man versus Red Man: The Facts and the Legend

by Don Russell

WHY DO AMERICANS LOVE VIOLENCE? Part of the reason must surely be rooted in our bloody history—beginning with our massacre of the American Indian." So wrote a nationally-syndicated newspaper columnist known for her hard-hitting, down-to-earth advice to those in trouble. A columnist who ably presents a black point of view on current problems expresses a similar opinion: "Early in America's history 'our people'—meaning white people—accepted concurrently the removal [murder] of the Indians who stood in the way of 'progress and civilization,' and the brutalization of blacks as an economic necessity for the survival of the white man in a vast new land." The punctuation is his, including the bracketed "murder." An advertising copywriter who doubles as a prolific author of books on a variety of subjects states that United States Army policy during the 1800s was that of "exterminating Indians tribe by tribe," and "complete annihilation of western Indians, evidenced by Sand Creek and other vicious attacks."

Those who have studied Indian wars are astonished that such ideas have gained wide general acceptance and wonder why popularizers have not turned to historians for the facts. But when they do, they find statements like this: "Military campaigns . . . soon had the Indians facing the grim reality of annihilation." Or this, from a chronicler who finds certain admirable qualities in the Indian and asks, "How was it that such a race of men could be seen as dirty, ruthless savages whose utter annihilation was necessary for the triumph of a democratic republic?" Or this, from another academic mind: "the United States Army was the instrument of the aggressive instincts of a voracious people in removing a poor, weak, and colored race from its home and hunting lands."

To amplify the idea of "massacre," "extermination," and "annihilation," both "utter" and "complete," comes a writer of "history from the Indian point of view," who has been interviewed as follows:

Q. "What was the Indian population in America at the time the Pilgrims landed?"

A. "Nobody really knows, of course, but the Indian population in the seventeenth century has been estimated at a million to a million and a half."

Q. "And how many were left after the West was won?"

A. "Less than half a million."

Q. "Should we suppose, then, that the white men either directly killed or were responsible for the deaths of a million Indians?"

A. "I don't know how else you would account for it. There were wars between the tribes, but the casualties in these battles were very few—probably no greater in number than the casualties we have in a single football season."

There you have it! A million Indians killed in the Indian wars—with overtones of racism, genocide, and other shibboleths of the liberal academic establishment. Among many "professional" historians, the study of Indian wars—along with the study of Wild Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid, and similar phenomena—is regarded as a form of antiquarianism, perhaps camp, best left to dedicated amateurs. Consequently such professors derive their knowledge of Indian wars from the same sources as does the general public—movies and television. Come to think of it, Hollywood may have slaughtered a million Indians. There can be little doubt that there have been more Indian fights screened than the U.S. Army ever fought.

Let's look at the record, beginning with the Indian population at the time of the white man's arrival. Nobody really knows what this number was, but there have been some educated guesses, based on figures that early explorers reported for various groups and tribes over a period that, in some cases, extends across three centuries. It is sometimes difficult to identfy groups considered, however, and to evaluate the observers' information. For example, the Jesuit Relations in 1660 estimated the population of the Illini confederacy at 70,000; thirteen years later Father Allouez reported it to be

11,000, including Kickapoos and Miamis, who were not usually regarded as members of the confederacy. When Father Hennepin came by later, he made the number out to only 6,500—with no intervening massacre or annihilation.

James Mooney of the Bureau of American Ethnology made a study of all such available reports. He came up with an estimate of 849,000 for the aboriginal population of the United States, excluding Alaska. A. L. Kroeber studied Mooney's findings and revised the figure downward to 700,000. These estimates are generally accepted by anthropologists.

Let us pause for a look at that figure of 700,000. It is about the number of members claimed by the auto workers' union. It is close to the population of Cleveland, or Indianapolis, or Milwaukee, or St. Louis. If the land area of the United States had been equally divided among that number of Indians, each man, woman, and child would have had more than four square miles. There was more starving than feasting among these early tribes, however, in spite of the abundance of good land. A fixture in Indian mythology is the starving village, saved when a herd is turned its way by miraculous intervention. Rarely could the Indians store enough food to last through a hard winter. Sooner or later, the edible animals of any area were hunted out. The tribe had to move on, probably to fight some other tribe for hunting lands. It was not an idyllic existence and Indians were not prolific. It seems probable that the primitive population remained about constant.

No official attempt to count Indians was made until they were gathered into reservations during the last half of the nineteenth century. But Indians generally resisted an actual head count, and reservation figures were largely inflated. Indian agents often exaggerated the count—perhaps to enhance the importance of their offices, but equally possibly to keep their charges from starving, for the rations provided by congressional appropriation were often niggardly.

Because the decennial census was established in the Constitution for the purpose of apportioning representation in Congress, it specifically excluded "Indians not taxed" from the enumeration. The census of 1890 was the first major attempt to count Indians. The figure that came up—248,253—was a surprise, as all estimates had indicated a much larger population, and when this was followed in 1900 by a decline to 237,196 the Indian was dubbed the "vanishing American."

Attack at Dawn ***by Charles Schreyvogel memorializes the U.S. Seventh Cavalry's raid on Black Kettle's village on November 27, 1868—an action later labeled a massacre and the subject of much criticism.***

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Zane Grey wrote a novel with that title, and James Earle Fraser cast his heroic statue, "The End of the Trail." Government policy had long been based on the idea the Indian was vanishing. The Dawes Severalty Act of 1887, which provided for dividing reservations among individuals and admitting Indians to full citizenship, was based on the same theory.

The first indication that the Indian was not really vanishing came with the 1910 census, which reported a whopping count of 265,683 Indians. It was an unrealistically large increase, probably accounted for by a report tracing tribal origins which was being prepared in that year and which required the enumeration of all persons with any perceptible amount of Indian blood. This report turned up descendants of tribes that had been completely lost to view. Doubtless many people who considered themselves white boasted, when asked, of Indian descent—particularly in Oklahoma, the former Indian Territory. By 1920, the count had dropped back to 242,959—but most of the decrease occurred in Oklahoma. That the Indian population was actually increasing rapidly is shown in the 1940 Census, 333,969; in the 1960 Census, 523,591; and finally in the 1970 Census, 792,730 (including 16,276 in Alaska)—a population that perhaps even exceeds that of 1492 or 1620.

Was there an actual decrease in Indian population during the nineteenth century? Epidemic diseases definitely took a heavy toll. Measles, a minor ailment for children of white parents, proved catastrophic to Indians who had no immunity to it. Tuberculosis and venereal diseases were widespread. The most dreaded killer was smallpox, which almost annihilated the Mandans, broke the power of the Arikaras, and hit heavily among the Blackfeet. Those ever ready to assess blame lump all of these together as "white man's diseases"—including "Asiatic" cholera, which swept through several tribes.

But into the vacuum left by the decline of the Mandans and the Arikaras moved the Teton Sioux. Acquiring horses near the end of the eighteenth century, they moved out into the plains and found they could cope with the vast buffalo herds then extant. The resultant plains culture still symbolizes to us the real Indian—self-sufficient and at one with nature. For once the Indian had enough to eat, and a population explosion followed. Other tribes that adopted the plains culture and ways of warfare, notably the Comanches, also prospered and

The Battle of War Bonnet Creek ***by Frederic Remington depicts the grim aftermath of an occurrence that was actually quite rare—a major battle between whites and Indians.***

expanded. Such population figures as 50,000 for the Sioux and 27,000 for the Comanches are huge for tribal counts.

Another group that expanded exponentially was the Navajo tribe. Rounded up by Kit Carson in 1864, the Navajos numbered 8,161 four years later when they were allowed to return to their ancestral home, which at 24,000 square miles became the largest of Indian reservations. (Nine states have areas less than half that size.) The Navajo population doubled soon after 1900, and a century after the tribe's return from captivity it reached 110,000.

Whether these increases balanced the decreases from disease is uncertain. No thorough study has been made of losses from epidemics. Indians had diseases long before Columbus arrived, however, as scientists can tell from disinterred bones, and it is highly probable that more Indians starved to death before 1492 than since. There is a possibility that Indian population did not decline markedly during the nineteenth century, but rather remained relatively constant.

Always overlooked in population figures are the large numbers of Indians who have passed into the white population. Folklore has it that the FFV—First Families of Virginia—all claim to be descendants of Pocahontas. In 360 years or so, it is possible. The mixing of red and white started even earlier than that. Full blooded Indians are rare today, as any reader of surnames in the *Shannon County News* published on the Pine Ridge Reservation will note. There may well be a million and more Indians in the ancestry of those who have forgotten their great-great-grandfather was a squaw man.

But what about the massacres?

When Helen Hunt Jackson wrote *A Century of Dishonor* in 1881, her charges that Indians had been massacred seemed a paradox. Indians had perpetrated the massacres: Wyoming (for which a state was named), Cherry Valley, Fort Dearborn, Fort Mims, the River Raisin, Pigeon Creek, Indian Creek, Bloody Point, Spirit Lake, the Minnesota uprising, and many more. Now some commentators have come to resent the use of the word "massacre" to describe battles in which all the soldiers were killed, such as in the Custer massacre and the Dade, Kidder, and Fetterman massacres. Dictionary definitions, however, would not exclude these battles. A massacre is defined as a general slaughter; the killing of a number of human beings under circumstances of atrocity or cruelty; promiscuous wholesale slaughter, especially of those who can make little or no resistance. The last, and most restrictive, definition is accepted here.

Of "massacres" of Indians, let's consider the five that have received the most attention from historians and which produced the most casualties. All are subject to extensive debate, and we will not get far into that. The main interest here is in the casualty figures.

Sand Creek is notorious. On November 19, 1864, Col. John M. Chivington, commanding a regiment of volunteers enlisted for one hundred days to protect Colorado Territory against Indian depredations, attacked Black Kettle's Cheyennes. Black Kettle had sought peace from Maj. E. W. Wynkoop and had given up four prisoners, an indication that his band had not been guiltless of depredations. But he refused to meet further conditions, and higher authority repudiated Wynkoop's negotiations and ordered the attack. In his final report, Chivington claimed to have killed between 500 and 600 Indians, with a loss of 10 soldiers killed and 36 wounded. Subsequent investigations put the number of Indians killed at no more than 130, "two-thirds of them women and children." But the investigations were so involved in politics—Chivington was a candidate for Congress—and so much of the evidence is hearsay or prejudiced that it is difficult to reach a conclusion. Chivington, however, has few defenders.

Black Kettle, still posing as peaceable, was later killed at the Washita massacre on November 27, 1868. Maj. Gen. Philip A. Sheridan had counted 187 slain white citizens before ordering a winter campaign to strike the marauders in their camps. Bvt. Maj. Gen. George A. Custer, with eleven companies of the Seventh Cavalry, followed the trail of a war party to Black Kettle's camp. According to Custer's report, the troops killed 103 Indians, captured 53 women and children, and suffered losses of 21 killed and 14 wounded. After the fighting was over, they found in the camp the butchered bodies of Mrs. Clara Blinn and a child, who had been captured the previous month.

Col. Eugene M. Baker's attack on a Piegan village on the Marias River, Montana Territory, on January 23, 1870, was denounced as an attack on innocent Indians. Animals captured in the village, however, were identified as having been stolen in Piegan raids. Baker reported 173 Indians killed, and this figure is not disputed. An early report to the Indian Bureau charged that 140 of these were women and children. Baker, however, reported that 120 warriors and 53 women and children were killed and 140 women and children captured. The prisoners were released when a smallpox epidemic was found to be raging in the village.

The Camp Grant massacre, April 30, 1871, was a vigilante action. A band of Aravaipa Apaches led by Eskiminzin had made peace with the garrison and was living near the post boundary. Citizens of Tucson, convinced that these Apaches were guilty of murders and raids that afflicted Arizona Territory, raised a force of 20 to 30 citizens, joined by 70 Papago Indians who had no doubt that the Apaches had been raiding them. How many Indians were killed is in doubt. Body counts ranging from 21 up were reported, with a possible maximum of 150. It was agreed that all except two (or eight) of the dead were women and children, which convinced the vigilantes that the men of the tribe were out raiding. That many of the women and children were killed by the Papagos is probable; this was one of the drawbacks of having Indian allies. All of those involved, including the Papagos, were indicted and brought to trial. They were acquitted by a jury after evidence was pre-

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sented that the Apache band had been guilty of murders and depredations.

Wounded Knee, December 29, 1890, has especially wide notoriety as a massacre. No one knows whether or not the Sioux were planning an outbreak. But their fanatical Ghost Dance caused widespread alarm, and a considerable force of troops was sent to the scene. Bvt. Brig. Gen. James W. Forsyth with troops of the Seventh Cavalry and a battery of Hotchkiss guns surrounded and attempted to disarm Big Foot's band. It is generally agreed that an Indian fired the first shot. The jittery troops poured it on, firing at anything that moved and perhaps causing some of their own casualties One count lists 84 Sioux men, 44 women, and 18 children killed. Of the troops, one officer and 24 enlisted men died.

Other affairs have been termed massacres of Indians, but these five have received the most attention and produced the most casualties. Even by the most exaggerated estimates, the total killed—including Chivington's boast of 600—comes to 1,172. Use of the more reasonable figures reduces the total to 615. These massacres would not go far toward killing off a million Indians.

WHAT THEN OF THE INDIANS KILLED in the many campaigns by the U.S. Army? Since each engagement was the subject of a subsequent official report by the officer commanding, it would seem possible to go through them and total the number of Indian casualties claimed. The result would obviously be inflated, as exaggeration of the casualties inflicted on an enemy is characteristic of all warfare. None of these Indian fights seems to have exceeded, or even approached, Chivington's boasted 600 Indian casualties. The top claim noted was 150. Many officers fell back on "many" Indians killed, which may well be not any. A few used round numbers, such as 10, 25, or 30, and these also can be viewed with suspicion. Most officers attempted an honest estimate, but there was seldom an actual body count. Indians generally made every effort to carry off the bodies of their dead and wounded.

About all that an officer could do to assess the results of a fight was to consult his troops, and if Sergeant Murphy and Private Smith each maintained he had shot an Indian and had seen him fall, it went into the report as two Indians killed. The victims might be merely wounded; both soldiers might

The Last Scene of the Last Act of the Sioux War, ***an 1891 Harper's Weekly engraving by Henry F. Farny, reflected the contemporary view of the Indian as the "vanishing American."***

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have been shooting at the same man; and there was always the tendency to exaggerate.

Reasonably accurate figures are available for the number of engagements between the army and Indians and for casualties to the troops. The number of Indian fights from 1789 to the last fight in which casualties were reported, in 1898, is totaled as 1,240 by Francis B. Heitman in his *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*. If he had included Indian fights during the War of 1812 (21), the Mexican War (1), and the Civil War (295), his total would have increased to 1,535. That may seem a small number to those who may have seen more than that depicted in motion pictures and television, but an army publicity source makes it even smaller—1,067. Heitman numbers casualties to army troops in his 1,240 engagements as 2,125 killed and 2,156 wounded. This averages out to a little over three casualties a fight. In playing around with figures, you may find that a soldier in the cavalry or infantry could expect—statistically speaking—to take part in about one fight during each five-year enlistment.

Indian casualties are not included in Heitman's compilation, but there are other studies available. One by the Army War College and another by the Adjutant General's Office include Indian casualties reported from 1850 onward, and since fewer than 100 of the fights occurred before 1850, the result is a fair approximation. The number of Indians reported killed is 4,957. This is a highly inflated figure, as it contains many obvious exaggerations, but it still averages only four Indians killed in each fight.

Stanley Vestal made a study of Indian casualties based on interviews with a great many survivors of fights with troops. He concluded that "the Sioux killed about five times as many soldiers as [they] lost," and that claims made by army commanders in the field were vastly exaggerated. One example of such discrepancies in claimed casualties is the Wagon Box Fight near Fort Phil Kearny, August 2, 1867, in which 32 soldiers and teamsters held off repeated charges by a "thousand" Sioux. Bvt. Maj. James Powell reported 60 Indians killed and 120 wounded. Col. Richard Irving Dodge in *Our Wild Indians* says a Sioux chief had told him 1,137 Indians were killed or wounded, and this has since been miscopied in other accounts as 1,137 Indians killed. Stanley Vestal's informants said only six were killed and six wounded.

Many writers have assumed that as many Indians were killed at the Little Big Horn as soldiers—which was 264, including those killed with Major Reno. But Vestal's figure on Indians killed is only 26. Major Reno said in his report that he saw 18 bodies, but he assumed many more had been killed.

Vestal's figure of 11 Indians killed in Gen. George Crook's Battle of the Rosebud agrees with Crook's official report. Gen. Nelson A. Miles reported five Indians killed in the attack on Sitting Bull's camp, October 21, 1876, but Vestal's informants said no Indians were killed there.

Stanley Vestal's Indian informants may err on the low side, but it is plausible that Indians killed more soldiers than soldiers did Indians. Five times as many would seem an exaggeration, however. Applied to Heitman's figures this would mean that not more than 500 Indians were killed in all the army's fights. Yet we must remember that Heitman's figures include the worst disaster ever suffered by the army, St. Clair's defeat on November 4, 1791, in which 634 soldiers were killed and 264 wounded. They also include the 264 killed at the Little Big Horn, the 107 of Dade's massacre, and the 81 with Fetterman.

Weighing all factors, it seems improbable that more than 3,000 Indians were killed in all of the U.S. Army's fights. Even if all the wildest claims be taken at face value, the total would not exceed 6,000. That is by no means the "policy of exterminating Indians, tribe by tribe" alleged by those entirely ignorant of Indian warfare. Remember, too, that these small figures are to be compared, not with the number of Indians existing at any one time, whether 700,000 in 1492 or 250,000 in 1890, but rather with the total number of Indians who lived during an entire century.

CIVILIANS AS WELL AS SOLDIERS killed Indians; a few killed in self-defense, but very few. Hit-and-run raids by small war parties gave little chance to the settler plowing his field, his wife and children in the cabin, the small wagon party, or the lone traveler. This resulted in vengeance killers such as Lewis Wetzel and "Liver-eating" Johnson, but not many more can be named. Despite their ambition, the vengeance killers' reduction of Indian population was minimal. Wanton killings by greenhorns who assumed every Indian to be a foe are on record, but their efforts were quickly suppressed by old-timers who knew the dire consequences.

The two most successful efforts by home guards or civilian volunteers to exterminate Indians—Sand Creek and Camp Grant—have already been mentioned. Most such efforts proved either fiascos or disasters. An affair at Pyramid Lake, May 12, 1860, was both. A mob of 105 Nevada miners took out after Paiutes who—perhaps for good reason—had attacked a trading post with the result that 42 miners were killed, 30 were missing, and only 33 returned to tell the tale. The Indians lost 3 and claimed to have killed only 46, so perhaps some of the mising just kept on going. California miners are reputed to have shot up Indian villages during the gold rush period, but there were no official reports or investigations, and only vague estimates on casualties. Usually citizens were happy to call on the regular army to do the shooting, especially as federal troops required supplies bought locally. This factor often caused citizens to holler loudly before they were hurt.

How many Indians were killed by civilians during a century of conflict? A thousand would seem a liberal estimate.

How many white citizens did Indians massacre? Not even a wild guess has been publicized as the total number, but the impression left by the "horrors of Indian warfare" books is

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A Matter of Opinion

The Native American: A Changing Perspective

THE NATIVE AMERICAN—more popularly referred to as the American Indian—is currently gaining more attention, more sympathy, more public support for his causes than at any time since the white man invaded his domain. While the Indian has been the subject of untold hundreds of books, articles, novels, movies, and TV series, not until a decade ago or less has he been treated objectively and critically as a part of American history. As Bernard DeVoto wrote, "A dismaying amount of our history has been written without regard to Indians, and of what has been written with regard to them much treats their diverse and always changing societies as uniform and static." In *Course of Empire* DeVoto reiterated, "Most American history has been written as if history were a function of white culture in spite of the fact that well into the nineteenth century the Indians were one of the principal determinants of historical events. . . . American historians have made shockingly little effort to understand how all these affected white men and their societies."

These castigations were written some twenty years ago, and were, even historians would agree, valid criticisms of the great American majority's attitude not only toward the Indian, but toward all minority groups in general. But then came the 1960s and "The Decade of the Great Awakening," in which strong and often violent activist movements swept the towns and campuses of America, and young, vigorous intellectuals challenged The Establishment, The System, and the hypocrises it both fostered and condoned. Unfortunately, many of these movements, proffering reforms to improve society, were often so radical, so divisive, as to suggest that the reformers' alternatives were worse than the systems they attacked. Nevertheless, their antics were successful in getting the attention of the press and the politician, the bigot, and the bourgeois. Not only did these activist riots and demonstrations point out the discriminations of the majority, and the bitterness of the minorities, but they also provided a voice—the minorities, from the sixties forward, would be heard.

Until the sixties, it was virtually impossible for an Indian to write and get published a book on his people, the native Americans. But with the Awakening, along came the Stan Steiners and the Vine Delorias and a raft of others, telling the Indian story from the Indian point of view. And with these books proving to be successes—although in many cases they were as prejudiced in one direction as the white man's version had been in the other—came a sudden flood of volumes on these, our long-overlooked native Americans. In typical American fashion, there has been an overreaction: an attempt—by the literary world at least—to compensate for the last few hundred years of misunderstanding, and, even worse perhaps, of ignoring the significant heritage and the vital future of the American Indian.

But, while it would appear that the Indian has won the Battle of the Bookstore, he remains a long way from winning the war. He did not win, for example, the Battle of Alcatraz, or the Battle of Fishing Rights in Washington, nor, at this writing does it appear that he will win the Seige of Wounded Knee. In 1968 President Johnson pledged "to respect fully the dignity and the uniqueness of the Indian citizen. . . . We must affirm the right of the first Americans to remain Indians while exercising their rights as Americans. We must affirm their right to freedom of choice and self-determination." These words, or paraphrases of them, have been uttered by many presidents, either in good conscience or in an attempt to provide a noble image. "Unfortunately, such sentiments . . . have too frequently floundered on the rocks of congressional indifference, political logrolling, and resistance of vested interests," wrote Virgil Vogel in *This Country Was Ours*.

Perhaps too much has been written with the "Noble Savage" concept as an overriding theme, for the obvious truth must lie somewhere between. As with any other group of Americans—there are some good Indians and some bad Indians. But we should recognize the Indian heritage and the importance of his role in history. He was, for example, a talented agriculturalist, and was responsible for developing corn, potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes, etc. Of all the world's food supply, almost half of the crops were first developed by the Indians. Folklore, psychology, arts and crafts, medicine—these incongruous areas were also a part of the Indian contribution to the present-day American scene.

Perhaps his most important contribution, if heeded, will be the basic Indian philosophy of leaving the land undisturbed. Stewart Udall wrote, "It is ironical that today the conservation movement finds itself turning back to ancient Indian land ideas, to the Indian understanding that we are not outside of nature, but of it." Willa Cather, in *Death Comes for the Archbishop,* expressed it best: "When they left the rock or tree or sand dune that had sheltered them for the night, the Navajo was careful to obliterate every trace of their temporary occupation. He buried the embers of the fire and the remnants of food, unpiled any stones he had piled together, filled up the holes he had scooped in the sand. . . . Just as it was the white man's way to assert himself in any landscape, to change it,

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Frederick Jackson Turner: Historian, Scholar, Teacher

REVIEWED BY DAVID LAVENDER

MONUMENTAL HAS TO BE THE WORD for this rich portrait of a rare, seminal teacher of history and of the intellectual turbulences among which he lived. The lifetime of research involved in the book's preparation is only the tip of the iceberg. Underneath, giving the masses of data luster and buoyancy, is the devotion of the author not only to his subject (much of Billington's own distinguished career as a writer and educator has been spent in clearing and broadening the paths Turner blazed) but also to the graces of language that, in the mysterious ways of literary creation, give the subject a vibrant life of its own.

Frederick Jackson Turner: Historian, Scholar, Teacher by Ray Allen Billington *(Oxford University, New York, 1973; 599 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $17.50).*

Actually Billington has given us three books in one: a biography, a social study of the turn-of-the-century groves of academe, and a penetrating examination of the ways in which original ideas grow to maturity. Turner lived when America —and hence America's teachers—were in ferment. The country was completing its bewildering shift from agrarianism to urban industrialism. It badly needed the guideposts that come, in part, from self-comprehension. Turner contributed to such comprehension by developing two revolutionary concepts — his famed hypotheses about the significance of the frontier and of sectionalism in America's unique development. One of Billington's enduring accomplishments in this volume is the lucidity with which he shows how an ordinary-seeming teacher becomes an extraordinary innovator.

Under Billington's hands Turner emerges as a harried, warmhearted, keenly analytical college professor, devoted to his students and his job, given to a normal number of idiosyncracies and failings, but always driven, when his closest beliefs were involved, to unattainable standards of perfection. Yet he was no isolated, ivory-tower intellectual. His rural roots (he was born in little Portage, Wisconsin) went deep. Having learned the joys of the outdoors as a boy, he ever afterwards drew renewed strength from vacations in the western mountains or on Maine's rugged seacoast. His marriage to his "darling little 'Mae' " was profoundly happy, though scarred by the loss of two children.

Like many another college professor who enjoys higher standards of living than he can afford, Turner was chronically short of money. Hence he was easily tempted into more lecture and writing commitments than he could meet without sacrificing time for research. Meanwhile he was continually harassed by the extracurricular demands placed on him by the universities where he taught and by the professional organizations to which he belonged. His response to these multiple pressures was to put off his writing assignments as fecklessly as any undergraduate and then, as deadlines neared, to drive himself with ferocious energy to meet them, particularly those involving lectures.

It was a precarious routine, especially after Turner's health began to fail. And of course it did not work at all with his books. He promised manuscripts to several publishers and then, obsessed with a need to unearth still more evidence in support of his theories, failed to deliver. During his lifetime he saw only two of his titles in print. But what a pair they were! The first was *The Rise of the New West,* concerning which a contemporary reviewer exclaimed, "No more profound study of any period in American history has ever been written." The other, a collection of essays meticulously revised for book publication, was *The Frontier in American History,* the most influential volume, Billington maintains, ever produced in its field.

Two such triumphs are more than most teachers achieve. Turner, ever questing, wanted another — a climatic study of the influence of sections on American history. Success eluded him. An incomplete version of The Book, as his friends called it, was not issued until after his death.

Though Turner loved and enjoyed playing with words — Billington has resurrected some of his poems — he was not a popularizer. Time-serving undergraduates left his classes as they entered — indifferent. Graduate students, attracted by his intellectual reputation, responded with more enthusiasm and carried his faiths into ever broadening fields. Nor were ideas his only forte. He pioneered in methodology, struggled to develop statistical maps and to refine multidisciplinary approaches to history, and pressed continually for better reference tools.

Billington follows a standard chronological pattern in weaving these strands together. He does it with impressive skill, never losing his nor the reader's way amidst mountains of detail. He then appends three summary chapters. One analyzes Turner as a man, a second reexamines the frontier and sectional hypotheses, and the third assesses Turner's place among American historians. This structuring occasions some repetition. Though generally it reinforces rather than cloys, some readers may find, before reaching the long book's end, a little more Turner than they want. Others, professional historians in particular, will relish both the fullness and the perceptiveness and skill that enliven it.

This is not to imply that Billington has been uncritically generous. He sees the spots of clay on the idol's feet, but he is convinced, and convices us, that the feet were solidly planted and that Turner's work will endure. So, too, one is inclined to believe on closing this book, will Professor Billington's.

David Lavender *is author of several books of western history, including* Bent's Fort, Land of the Giants, *and* California: Land of New Beginnings *(Harper & Row, 1972).*

Americanizing The American Indians

For the first time the writings of the nineteenth-century white Christian reformers who called themselves the "Friends of the Indian" have been gathered into one volume.

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Lost America: From the Mississippi to the Pacific

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM CARTER

Lost America: From the Mississippi to the Pacific edited by Constance M. Greiff, foreword by James Biddle *(Pyne Press, Princeton, 1972; 243 pp., illus., index, $17.95).*

IT WAS NATURAL, PERHAPS, that a people fanning out to exploit a rich continent would develop wasteful habits. It was also understandable that those who left the Old World partly to get away from it would tend to overvalue the future and undervalue the past. However, the fact that our resources are scarcely unlimited is now fairly widely known. And there are indications that our preoccupation with "progress" also is giving way to an admission that the past may, after all, have contained something of value. Constance Greiff's book is a sign of this twin awakening.

A companion to her earlier *Lost America: From the Atlantic to the Mississippi,* this volume documents pictorially some 250 western structures which she feels ought not to have been lost to us but were. The scope is extremely broad, ranging all the way from a South Dakota tepee to the "Zigzag Moderne" Richfield Building in Los Angeles. Its very ambitiousness makes this a groundbreaking project. The surprising thing is how well Mrs. Greiff has succeeded in unifying such varied elements.

In seven main chapters, she divides the structures according to function—public buildings, homes, hotels, etc. The basic thread of continuity is carried by the captions, which are graceful and informative. Some are linked verbally from one to the next, and most conclude with a wistful account of the building's final fate, such as:

"Redhead House, Des Moines, Iowa, 1866–1959. One of the last two remaining mid-Victorian mansions in Des Moines was sold by the fifth generation of Redheads when they could no longer afford to maintain its twenty rooms. The property was bought by a manufacturer, who tore down the house to build a plant, and then, changing his mind, put the vacant lot up for sale."

Again and again the melancholy birth-to-death story is repeated, often with a description of the lost structure's architectural distinctiveness. The style is more than convincing. So steady is the plaint, in fact, that one occasionally craves some relief, some tonal variety. But this is a common fault of crusading books. It is related to the cataloguelike presentation, which, while not without its virtues, seems to imply unintentionally that each demolition was as tragic as the other. The author's point would have emerged more effectively from a more critical and varied presentation.

The more evaluative approach is not missing, however, from the long and thoughtful introductory text. Here Mrs. Greiff supports an ardently preconservationist appeal with an impressive understanding both of the historical forces and of the agonizing local realities:

"So reason won out and Santa Fe kept its historic house and gained sixty parking spaces besides? Wrong. By a majority of one the city's planning commission opted for no building and two dozen additional parking spaces."

James Biddle's foreword adds another welcome dimension to the account by focusing on the practical aspects of historic preservation in the West.

Throughout the book, the photographs are distinguished by their architectural clarity and graphic impact. All in black-and-white, they are drawn from a great variety of sources. The oversize 9-inch by 11-inch format allows them to be printed in readable sizes, without skimping on white space. All the more pity, therefore, that finer printing and a paper stock of greater reflectance and less "see-through," could not have been used.

But in an era when flossy gift books appear and disappear like comets, it is reassuring to see one whose pictures function as meaningfully as these, and whose message will hopefully have some effect. *Lost America* is a sound and original piece of architecture, less susceptible of demolition than those it laments.

William Carter—*a widely traveled writer, photographer, and editor—is author of the pictorial book,* Ghost Towns of the West.

Apache Chronicle

REVIEWED BY RAYMOND FRIDAY LOCKE

PROBABLY NO Indian people have been so misunderstood and misrepresented in fact and fiction as that group of southern Athapaskans that we know as the Apache. Until very recently the Apache almost always were presented by writers of fiction, and especially by Hollywood film writers, as bloodthirsty savages with no morals, culture, or redeeming virtues. They fared little better at the hands of historians (John C. Cremony excepted).

Apache Chronicle by John Upton Terrell *(World Publishing, New York, 1972; 411 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

John Upton Terrell has attempted to set the record straight in *Apache Chronicle* and has succeeded far beyond this reviewer's expectations. He has done a herculean job of research and has written just what the title implies, a chronicle of Apache history.

History has left most students with the impression that the "savage" Apaches did little else but go about robbing, murdering, and raping innocent and heroic settlers who, we may presume, moved onto their lands by some sort of divine right. Terrell sets that matter of "heroic settlers" straight right away: "The myth persists," the author writes, "that every American man or woman who chose to move to the land of the Apache following the Mexican War (and in some cases before) was a hero or heroine. It continues today to be propagated by hypocritical southwestern partisans and politicians, by newspapers, cheap fiction, and stupid motion pictures. Paeans of praise continue to ring loudly for the brave souls who set off into the unknown deserts with a burning dream of helping to build a greater America.

"They didn't do any such thing. They thought least of all about the future of their country, and this was true of Spaniards and Mexicans as much as it was of the Americans. The only dreams any of them had, aside from nightmares caused by fear, were of gold, silver and free land, of getting rich with a minimum of exertion and litle or no expense to themselves."

The fact of the matter was, the Apaches had long since developed a rather unique, raid-and-raid-alike relationship with the Mexicans before the Americans came. Following the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the Indians found it difficult to understand why they were being told by the Americans that henceforth they would be punished for raiding the Mexicans. Who were these Americans to tell them what they could and could not do? Nevertheless, in the beginning they rather admired the tough Americans and went out of their way to maintain a shaky peace with them. But there could be no lasting peace.

It did not take the Apaches too many years to discover that the Yankees had their own unique Indian policy: Shoot first and ask questions later. Apache men, women, and children were often gunned down on sight; the great Apache diplomat, Mangas Coloradas, was stripped and horsewhipped when he tried to befriend a group of miners; the entire tribe was hunted at will by Yankee settlers who looked upon them as so much vermin that had to be purged from the land as did the mountain lion and the coyote to make room for ranchers and their cattle. Such blatant acts of aggression finally brought a fury down on the heads of American settlers and miners the like of which this country had never before known. Never have so few—a people marvelously adapted to the land in which they lived—so successfully fought so many. The Apache Wars started slowly in the 1850s and gradually gained momentum, climaxing in the 1886 surrender of Nana, Nachee, and Geronimo. For years a handful of Apache warriors kept the cream of the American army chasing their tails across the Southwest.

Terrell stresses that certain American interests constantly sought to undermine any settlement during the Apache Wars, since the hostilities brought the army into the territory and hence profit to speculators. As the author points out, even when the Apaches were placed on

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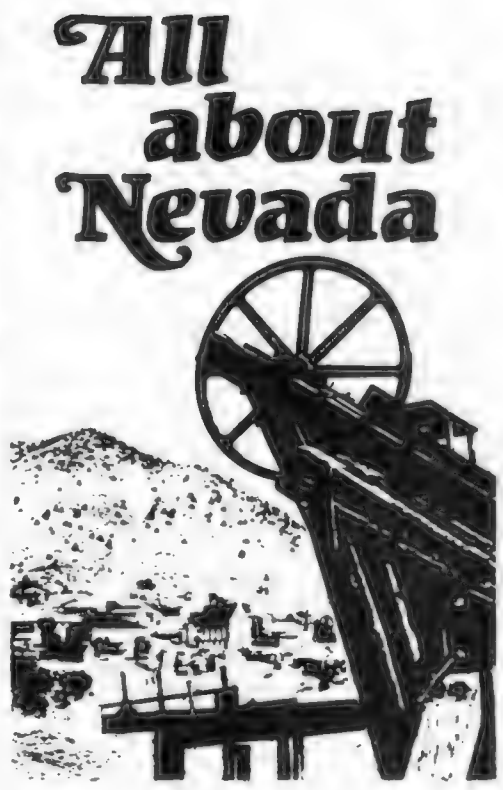

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Land Above the Trees: A Guide to American Alpine Tundra

Reviewed by Robert Michael Pyle

Land Above the Trees: A Guide to American Alpine Tundra by Ann H. Zwinger and Beatrice E. Willard *(Harper & Row, New York, 1972; 489 pp., map, biblio., glossary, index, list of alpine plants, $15.00).*

Some years ago as a budding naturalist, I leaped into an almost overwhelming acquaintance with the alpine tundra by living on top of Mount Evans in Colorado for a week. The next year came an encounter with Mount Katahdin in Maine, and still later a rangership in the High Sierra. Most recently my butterfly work has led me often to the upper slopes of the Cascades and Olympics. Throughout all of these flirtations with thin air, I have wished desperately for a comprehensive and interpretive guide to alpine understanding. Such a tool is finally available in *Land Above the Trees*.

In a manner that accommodates the duality of art and science uncommonly well, Anne Zwinger and Beatrice Willard conduct the reader across, through, and under the alpine scene. The area covered includes the high mountain regions of the forty-eight contiguous states. In part one, the essential ecological information necessary for empathizing with the alpine situation is presented. Soil factors, moisture, wind and temperature, and animal disturbance are all examined, and their roles in shaping the tundra are explored. Different tundra ecosystems are catalogued and portrayed, such as fellfields, turfs, screes, bogs, and gopher gardens. Two concepts which emerge most strongly from this section are the extremely tenuous conditions to which alpine organisms must adapt; and the staggering slowness of succession and fragility of communities.

In part two, the reader vicariously visits selected portions of the American tundra. The specific attributes of the southern Rockies, the Sierra Nevada, the White Mountains, the southern Cascades, the Olympics, and Mount Washington in the East emerge in rich and carefully personalized detail.

As well as filling a unique and vital place on the bookshelf, the triumph of this work is its harmonious blend of information with original, creative expression. The authors seem equally comfortable and refined at both translating science and creating art in word and picture. Ann Zwinger, who previously wrote and illustrated *Beyond the Aspen Grove*, is a *nouveau* naturalist in the tradition of the old describers, yet one who adds a wholly fresh and modern orientation. Beatrice Willard's ecological research at the Thorne Institute has brought her both acclaim and deep insight; her scholarly contribution is appreciated.

I was continually surprised to find cogent explanations of genetics, systems ecology, and atmospheric science issuing from the same pages which yield rich imagery and carefully elegant wording.

But if there is art in the word fabric of the book, it shrinks next to the drawings. Ms. Zwinger's real vocation is wildflower drawing, and her hundreds of pencil renditions in this volume are truly climactic. They benefit from a vague pallor which echoes that of the tundra itself and also from the many comparative views, perhaps half a dozen of a single species. The color photographs, by Herman Zwinger and Beatrice Willard, satisfy nearly as much as the drawings.

To give the impression that *Land Above the Trees* is faultless, however, would be to ignore a rather glaring deficiency. That is the obvious subordination, amounting almost to neglect, of animals in favor of plants. If the intent of the book is to treat the tundra as a tissue of the land, that may be defensible, since it is essentially a vegetable hide. But I took the title to mean guide to the tundra as a biome, and I expected a little more zoology.

For example, there are hundreds of illustrations of flowers, lichens, mosses—but only two photographs of animals. Drawings of some of the creatures featured would have added a great deal: Nearly every mentioned plant is shown, but even the much-talked-about pika is left to the imagination. This vegetarian diet is somewhat relieved in the text, and discussion of the birds and mammals is decent. But the insects, some of the most enthralling of tundra habitués, are slighted. To an entomologist the omission of the spectacular velvet-black Magdalena alpine butterfly *(Erebia magdalena)* from any account of the Colorado high country is a flagrant oversight; and the various locally endemic arctics *(Oeneis)* would certainly enliven ecological pictures. But all we get of the famous white mountain butterfly *(O. melissa semidea)* is a note that it was once seen to "momentarily flower" a flower.

Worse than these oversights are the several errors. The statement "several butterflies lark across the tundra, but few lay their eggs above treelimit; if they do, the young may take several summers to develop into adults" is wrong on all counts. We are told that a white cabbage butterfly occurs high on Mount Hood—but this is the one life zone that the introduced cabbage white has *not* penetrated. The approximate nature of the creature treatment is especially obvious in context with the great plant detail. We get the specific names of the least significant lichens, but a butterfly is a "large brown-orange one" and a beetle is "a shiny dark red one."

The coverage is slightly lopsided. But the book, once its limitations are recognized, still emerges as a grandly beautiful and powerfully authoritative text and folio—and a very important book. Perhaps most important, it concludes with a moving but gentle invocation for sensitivity and sagacity in our treatment of the tundra. We learn, without surprise, that the sheep industry is up to its usual villainy here; and that tundra-lovers are trampling the high country to death in places. With all of its self-purposeful art and exquisitely related fact, *Land Above the Trees* does not let us forget that the tundra is a tender tissue indeed.

Robert M. Pyle *is a graduate student in nature interpretation at the University of Washington, a free-lance resource communicator, and a U.S. Fulbright-Hays Scholar.*

Tombstone: Myth and Reality

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM K. ZELLMER

THE MYTH OF Tombstone, Arizona, author Odie Faulk would have us believe, is two lean men stepping narrow-eyed and grim-faced into the dusty street and blazing away with six-guns until one, the villain naturally, falls. This aura of raw violence that supposedly embraced all the cow camps, mining towns, and frontier communities of the Old West didn't really exist, Faulk suggests. He implies that the picture is as false, in fact, as the image that Tombstone's chamber of commerce created in the 1920s to salvage the dying silver boom town as a tourist trap.

Tombstone: Myth and Reality by Odie B. Faulk *(Oxford University, New York, 1972; 242 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $7.50).*

In this lively history of one of the West's most notorious towns, the author, an Oklahoma State University history professor, calls upon the recollections of John Clum, former mayor, lawyer, newspaper editor, and friend of Wyatt Earp, to sustain his thesis. Clum was one of the old-timers who returned in 1929 to witness Tombstone's first "Helldorado" celebration (for which the idea was spawned by a contemporary book of that title written by another old-timer, ex-deputy sheriff Billy Breakenridge). Although the Helldorado celebration depicted mass robberies, murder, and an Indian attack, Clum could actually recall only one lynching and one deadly street battle in Tombstone's then fifty-year history. In the deadliest year, 1881, six men died violently within the city limits, three of them in the famous showdown at the OK Corral.

Faulk, however, fails to add that newspapers of that era reported at least twenty-five homicides within the confines of the surrounding county between October 1879, when Tombstone was born, and October of the following year.

But the author-historian is concerned with another side of Tombstone, and he presents an entertaining and plausible portrait. The reality of Tombstone, according to Faulk, was miners laboring sixty hours a week (the Tombstone silver strike was then the richest in United States history). Reality was young men lured to the unsettled region by high wages but who ate poorly, drank too much, suffered from chills, fevers, malaria, and dysentery and hoped for a better future, even trying to save some of their hard-earned money. Reality was young men forming fire-fighting companies, literary societies, rental libraries, and volunteer bands that played for dances and gave concerts. Reality was constructing, in the searing desert near the Mexican border, a town to resemble the communities the builders had left behind (nearby settlements were named Charleston and Richmond).

Tombstone in its brief heyday (1879 to 1884) was a town of ten thousand persons, with unions, gas lighting, several telephones (but no railroad), traveling lecturers and local speakers, and too few cats to combat the rat menace. Its residents attended night classes in penmanship and language. Its gambling district remained open all night.

Faulk details the almost overnight transformation of the canvas camp into a city, the influx of greedy adventurers, lawyers, engineers, miners, teamsters, gamblers, hotel keepers, ladies of easy virtue, geologists, newspapermen, and educated men in general, all of whom rubbed elbows with near-illiterate but shrewd and tough prospectors, cowboys, outlaws, and killers. Tombstone was a town of unbounded optimism where nearly everyone expected to become rich; as such it attracted its share of enigmatic characters.

Most of the author's work is well-documented. In one biased and contradictory chapter, however, he dismisses the legend that kept Tombstone alive, the Earp legend. Faulk labels the cowboy faction as outlaw, but his empathy obviously is with this group, as well as with Wyatt Earp's rival, Democratic Sheriff Johnny Behan, who got along famously with the cowboy crowd. Earp was the candidate of the Republican Law and Order Commitee. He was supported by Republican Mayor John Clum, the town council, and the newspaper *Epitaph*, which survived. Faulk quotes only from the Democratic newspaper, the *Daily Nugget*, which supported Behan and the cowboys and failed.

The Earp-Behan-cowboy feud—in which Faulk suggests (and some other historians agree) a woman played a major role—climaxed at the OK Corral in October 1881 and left three cowboys dead and two Earps and their dubious but loyal friend, Doc Holliday, wounded. In spite of all the sources available, Faulk chooses to quote a "far more reliable witness" who believed the cowboys were murdered but who also stated that Virgil Earp suffered a crippling arm wound.

Thus we have an example of the witness' unreliability. Virgil actually received a relatively minor leg wound at the OK Corral. The arm injury—and other crippling wounds—occurred several months later when Virgil, still a federal officer, was riddled with shotgun pellets from ambush (his younger brother Morgan subsequently was murdered from ambush, Mayor Clum survived an assassination attempt, and Wyatt Earp and Holliday soon abandoned the silver city.)

Faulk defends his treatment thusly: ". . . Pro- and anti-Earp books abound. The reader can easily find something to sustain whatever he believes." The "myth" will be argued as long as there are students of the West, and Faulk's opinionated stance on one facet of Tombstone's colorful history is not so intrusive as to spoil an otherwise enlightening and useful book.

The final chapters of the book are devoted to the decline and fall of Tombstone. That had to do with unions, strikes, disastrous fires, flooding, and, chiefly, a decrease in the demand for silver. The town's population had sunk to one thousand by the turn of the century. Today it is less than twenty-five hundred. Memories are a major factor in its current economy.

William K. Zellmer *is city editor of the* Sarasota *(Florida)* Herald-Tribune.

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Love of Earth

REVIEWED BY MERRILL J. MATTES

THIS BOOK is difficult to classify. The publisher describes it as "a love letter to Mother Earth." A librarian would be hard put to determine if the author is dealing here with geology, geography, history, philosophy, or conservation.

Love of Earth by Herbert E. French *(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1973; 314 pp., biblio., index, $7.95).*

Love letter it is not. Neither is it an original treatise on any branch of learning. What we have here is a collection of informal essays related to the broad theme of spaceship Earth—what it consists of and how we use it, and abuse it. The accent should be on the word *informal* because these essays are rambling and disjointed, reading somewhat like a Freudian stream-of-consciousness outpouring.

As a category of English literature, informal essays are normally relaxed, charming, breezy, humorous, and the like. French's essays aren't like that, although he makes an occasional stab at sardonic humor. His essays read more like an encyclopedia having a nervous breakdown. However, he writes with such a sense of pell-mell excitement, and he hurls around such a dizzy array of facts, that it all adds up to a new kind of reading experience.

The key to the author's style is to be found in essay number one, which he facetiously calls "Introduction." It is not so much an introduction as an explosion in all directions; but if the reader can stay aboard through this discourse, get used to the jerky rhythm and the meteorite shower of startling facts and allusions —from Ecclesiastes to the Population Bomb—he will be mentally prepared for what follows.

In "The Land" we get a capsule course in geological and biological evolution, and an examination of landforms that certainly does not suffer from scholarly dullness: for example, "the proper way to visit the desert is of course atop a camel." Man, product of earth, is now bent on its, and his own, destruction. Although the author quotes freely from the Bible in order to trim a thought, he obviously places no store in biblical explanations of man's origins or man's destiny.

In "Birth of Earth Island" we are reminded that land, "terra infirma," comprises less than 30 percent of the global surface and is therefore only an island on Planet Water. While the monotonous ocean, resembling infinity, is repellent to man, "landscape is full of the majesty and religious ecstasy of godhead." At the same time Aldous Huxley is quoted: "Distance reminds us that there are mental spaces inside our skulls as enormous as the spaces out there." For all claims to divinity, bold contemplation turns to jelly when considering either inner or outer space. Inner wisdom seems hopelessly inadequate to deal with man's blind determination to self-destruct, while astronomical theory consigns us to oblivion anyhow.

"The Stony Earth" expounds on geological wonders but with emphasis on the dynamics of earth processes, including a certain radiant star quality now assigned to our once "dead planet," volcanism, crustal plate shifting, and the omnipresent and ominous earthquake factor.

Human, rather than geological, history dominates the remaining chapters. Those on forests and animals describe how the riches of these life-forms have been and are being devastated at a geometrically expanding ratio. Examining also the trends in agriculture, cities, transportation, and leisure time, the author is torn between his awe at the marvels man has wrought and dread of the future. Can mankind survive pesticides, nuclear fission, prosperity, urban verticality, and crime? Is love the same as rape? Were we created only to destroy and be destroyed? The author thinks Emily Dickinson had a clue:

"Much madness is divinest sense
to a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness."

Merrill J. Mattes *is chief of the Office of Historic Preservation, National Park Service, with headquarters in Denver.*

Colorado's War on Militant Unionism

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM T. EAGAN

DR. GEORGE SUGGS makes a definite contribution to Colorado's labor history through the use of Governor James H. Peabody's papers. In his review of the labor war of 1903–04 he adequately covers the temper of the times, reflecting the sway industrialism and corporatism still enjoyed over politics. The book strongly points out the fragility of democracy when people put into power, consciously or not, a particular economically oriented class.

Colorado's War on Militant Unionism: James H. Peabody and the Western Federation of Miners by George G. Suggs, Jr. *(Wayne State University, Detroit, 1972; 242 pp., illus., biblio., notes, $12.50).*

The major emphasis of the work is on Governor Peabody and his struggle to break the power of the Western Federation of Miners. Peabody's defense was that the WFM represented all that was antithetical to American tradition, especially as that tradition was defined at the turn of the century by business. The author does not limit his work strictly to the period of major conflict but does give brief glimpses of leadership attitudes and early conflicts of the WFM in Colorado's labor-management history. This was necessary to substantiate Suggs' claim that the WFM had become regarded as an organization advocating achievement of its goals by violence. He also incorporates a brief biographical sketch of Peabody. This, combined with a short history of the development of the Citizens' Alliance movement and the growth of employers' associations, clearly establishes the identity of the antagonists and their positions as they gird for battle.

The author then turns to an examination of "war" as it was fought in the old Colorado City, Cripple Creek, Idaho Springs, and Telluride. These confrontations broke the hold of the WFM in Colorado's metalliferous industry and forced the union into an alliance with the IWW. Those two events, according to Suggs, are the reasons for the demise of the Western Federation of Miners.

The two major theses attacked by Dr. Suggs are that the WFM was destined to fail from the outset of its formation and, second, that Peabody was "man of his times." While admitting that the WFM leadership—Boyce, Moyer, and Haywood—damaged the union's chance for success, their advocacy of "socialistic" goals and urging of violence did not toll the death knell of the body. Rather, it was a combination of circumstances including the public's attitudes, limited membership, and the strategy and tactics used by the union in the war.

Of Peabody the author states: "He was not just a 'man of his times.' . . . He was more than this," concluding that the governor was the business counterpart of Haywood.

The most important message for contemporary society is what can happen when justice is not an integral part of the search for law and order. Second, the work can be of major significance for the student of local politics and government as a case study, especially as an example of using questionable ends to justify means.

Dr. Suggs concentrates upon the roles that the state, the governor, the militia, and the employers' associations played in the conflict. To that end only the briefest examination is accorded to the WFM's activities in the conflict, with the exception of their resort to the courts. Thus, unless given a careful reading, one could come away from the work with suspicions not entirely warranted.

This work suffers somewhat from a choppiness between chapters. The last four particularly do not easily fit together nor continue the flow achieved in the first five. However, Dr. Suggs has a comfortable writing style that makes the book readable and enjoyable. The photographs included are representative of the text. Maps of the regions discussed would have been a definite asset, and it is unfortunate some were not used.

William T. Eagan *is an associate professor of Colorado history at Southern Colorado State College.*

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Harold Von Schmidt Draws and Paints the Old West

REVIEWED BY MURIEL SIBELL WOLLE

THIS BOOK IS FAR MORE than the annotated catalogue of an artist's western paintings which, at first glance, it seems to be. The life of Harold Von Schmidt, who is rated in stature with Frederic Remington, N. C. Wyeth and Charles Russell, is narrated by Walt Reed. By letting Von Schmidt tell his own story as much as possible, Reed has produced a happy combination of biography and autobiography. Friends of the painter have supplied character traits and episodes that he has been too modest to record.

Harold Von Schmidt Draws and Paints the Old West by Walt Reed, foreword by Dean Krakel, introduction by Harold McCracken *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, 1972; 230 pp., list of published subjects, $40.00).*

Reed introduces us to Von Schmidt as an orphan who developed self-reliance at an early age by having to earn his living as a construction worker, lumberjack, and cowboy. Von Schmidt's knowledge of animals, his contacts with Indians, and his familiarity with western terrain provided him with a wealth of pictorial data which he later used in his illustrations. In handling Indian subjects he often presented the Indians' point of view—a rarity in concept.

From childhood he wanted to be an artist, and as he grew, this desire centered on becoming an illustrator. He knew western artists—Maynard Dixon, Will James, and Charlie Russell—but it was from Harvey Dunn, with whom he studied, that he learned how to paint and construct the dramatic pictures full of human interest for which he has become noted.

A position with *Sunset* magazine started him on his career. In later years his paintings, many of which are excellently reproduced in color and black and white in this volume, appeared in a number of other publications, notably *Colliers* and the *Saturday Evening Post.*

When asked about his career he says: "I've always been proud to call myself an illustrator. . . . As illustrators, we are presented with the problem of interpreting the whole gamut of emotions. If we can present them in a moving manner, we cause the observer to want to share these emotions. Then—and only then—do we succeed."

The book should attract many kinds of readers, for besides giving a cross section of the artist's work, the text offers a concise account of western conflict as experienced by "white invaders," by Indians in their wars for survival, by "cowboys and sodbusters," and by the lawless element that followed the pioneer across the continent.

To artists Von Schmidt gives advice and suggestions on building a picture and catching the mood of an episode to be illustrated. This willingness to explain his work—a thing most artists dislike—is typical of his absorption with pictorial composition, dramatization of a theme, and interpretation of mood. These analyses show why he has been an excellent teacher and why he influences hundreds through his methods.

The chapters group related subject matter both in text and illustrations, and reveal how Von Schmidt has varied the pictorial framework of each picture. His compositions are not repetitious in concept; each assignment has been a new challenge.

He has also done work in black and white, especially dry brush, and admits his debt to Howard Pyle, with whose vigorous work he is familiar. The books that he has illustrated—*Death Comes for the Archbishop* by Willa Cather; *Indian Gold* by Orin Mack; *Homespun* by Erick Berry; and *Queer Person* by Ralph Hubbard—show masterly handling of his medium to produce varied textures and strong silhouettes.

Von Schmidt painted steadily for over fifty years, but when an accident to his hip joint left him unable to stand at an easel, he turned to sculpture, especially of animal subjects. His first bronze was called "Startled Grizzly."

During the first thirty-three years of his life, Von Schmidt lived in the West. In 1926 he moved to Westport, Connecticut. His professional career has included teaching assignments at the California College of Arts and Crafts, at the Pratt Institute, and as a faculty member of the Famous Artists' School. From 1938 to 1941 he was president of the New York Society of Illustrators. During World War II he was sent to the European theatre as artist-correspondent. For several years he also was a member of the American Association of Indian Affairs.

His warm personality and interest in people, his dedication to his work, his integrity and high standards of performance, added to his trained ability as an artist, have made Harold Von Schmidt one of our outstanding illustrators—and through Walt Reed's book we come to know him.

Muriel Sibell Wolle, *head of the Fine Arts Department at the University of Colorado, Boulder, for eighteen years, is an author and artist who specializes in Southwest Indian art and ghost mining towns.*

APACHE CHRONICLE

(Continued from page 51)

reservations, great profits were to be had by doctoring accounts of supplies bought and delivered to the reservations. The Indian Bureau was riddled with corruption, and a special group of profiteers—the Indian ring of Tucson—had friends in Washington to protect their interests.

For the most part John Upton Terrell has done a commendable job in outlining the history of the Apaches and putting such familiar names as Mangas Coloradas, Cochise, and Geronimo within a true historical perspective. A chronological record of historical events never really makes an exciting narration, and this book is no exception. But *Apache Chronicle* is the most complete history of the Apaches published to date and that alone will be enough to establish it as a standard reference.

Raymond Friday Locke *is editor of* Mankind *magazine, and has recently completed a book on the history of the Navajos. He is now working on the biography of Apache chief, Mangus Coloradus.*

Savage Scene: The Life and Times of James Kirker, Frontier King

REVIEWED BY ARTHUR SHOEMAKER

JAMES KIRKER seems to have been one of those lesser known, but highly influential, individuals who played a vital role in the early development of the American Southwest. Though a legend in his own time, written accounts of his life are sketchy—one book of pure fiction and a few magazine articles. Until now no one has attempted a full-length treatment of the controversial Kirker. William McGaw has done an outstanding job with this book. Based on years of careful research—much of it presented here for the first time—the author paints a graphic picture of Kirker and the times that molded the man.

Savage Scene: The Life and Times of James Kirker, Frontier King by William Cochran McGaw *(Hastings House, New York, 1972; 242 pp., illus., biblio., appen., notes, index, $8.95).*

Born of Scotch-Irish parents in Northern Ireland, Kirker sailed for New York when he was sixteen. At the age of eighteen, he signed on as a privateer during the War of 1812. Later he married a young widow in New York City, prospered as a grocer, and fathered a son. Then, for no apparent reason, he turned his back on all this and headed west, never to return.

Operating out of St. Louis, Kirker first tasted western adventure in 1822 when he joined the Ashley-Henry expedition to the upper Missouri. Bitten by "mountain fever," he went down the Santa Fe Trail into the Spanish Southwest and the Kirker legend began to grow. He became a citizen of Mexico, married a Mexican woman, and raised a family. As time passed, he was a successful trader, trapper, miner, and hunter of Apache Indians. Hired by the state of Chihuahua, Kirker and his band became so proficient in their work that many historians have pictured him as a butchering mercenary. Receiving no pay from the Mexicans for the Apache scalps, he turned against the former during the Mexican-American War and joined Doniphan and his Missouri Volunteers. He was instrumental in helping defeat a superior Mexican force during the invasion of Chihuahua.

Kirker's personality remains a contradiction, but the author's treatment of his subject is to be commended. He has tried to gather together all the pieces of Kirker's life and put them into a pattern against the background of his environment and his time. This book is a significant contribution to the history of the American Southwest and northern Mexico.

Arthur Shoemaker *is a free-lance writer and historian living in Hominy, Oklahoma.*

The United States and Revolutionary Nationalism in Mexico

REVIEWED BY JUNE BISHOP HUNKER

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED away by the stilted title. The games politicians play are often more dangerous than diplomatic. *Norteamericanos* seldom find these games more intriguing than when challenging their next door neighbors, *los mexicanos*. Therefore, if Robert Freeman Smith had chosen a shorter title for his book—such as *The Yankee Peril,* perhaps—he might have immediately attracted the large reading public he deserves. As it is, some may have the misfortune of by-passing this excellent account of a fascinating but unfamiliar period in Anglo-Mexican history.

The United States and Revolutionary Nationalism in Mexico, 1916-1932 by Robert Freeman Smith *(University of Chicago, Chicago, 1972; 288 pp., appen., biblio., index, $12.00).*

To Mexico Uncle Sam was the Yankee Peril and anything but a "benevolent big brother." Pretending to be intensely interested in protecting American life, liberty, and property south of the border, the government was actually spreading a smoke screen for the Yankee petroleum giants who realized enormous profits in their bold exploitation of Mexico's subsurface wealth. Indeed, it was the Mexicans who needed protection.

Professor Smith drops some magical names to ponder: William Jennings Bryan, Senator Albert B. Fall, Gen. "Black Jack" Pershing, and Ambassador Dwight Morrow, to name a few of the more illustrious. These men found it expedient to bluff their way through the political games without seeming to be aggressive as they sought to keep the underdeveloped Mexico within bounds . . . their bounds. Kibitzing over their shoulders was President Woodrow Wilson asserting, "What is good for the United States is good for everybody!" His policies, Wilson felt, were particularly good for any Latin American country "governed by unprincipled bandits." The Mexicans did not listen. By 1925, international relations between the two countries had deteriorated to the extent that the American ambassador to Mexico was not only openly anti-Mexican, he considered Mexico his own "personal purgatory." It took a team of diplomatic masterminds to untangle the subsequent snarl.

Professor Smith documents this for his readers in a factual narrative, remaining objective from the first word to the last. It's not an easy book to read, but the reader will be rewarded for his efforts with a bonanza of information about our colorful but formidable neighbor to the south.

June Bishop Hunker *is a third generation resident of Santa Fe. Her father, once speaker of the house for the New Mexico State Legislature, brought quite a few of the men mentioned in the book home with him from time to time.*

Crowfoot: Chief of the Blackfeet by Hugh A. Dempsey *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1972; 226 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY KEITH A. MURRAY

MOST OF THE HISTORICAL works about American Plains Indians have described a war between red men and white. Accounts of the less dramatic events associated with peaceful transition from a hunting society of free people to a reservation society are far less frequent.

The Blackfeet made the transition about as peacefully as any. Dempsey's study is an attempt to describe the twenty-year period between 1865 and 1885 in the Canadian West, and to give credit to a remarkable Indian, Crowfoot, for helping the Blackfeet survive. In these twenty years the buffalo on the northern Plains were exterminated. Their disappearance demoralized all Indians, and when the fiery Louis Riel called for rebellion in Alberta and Saskatchewan, many Indians responded. The Blackfeet did not. Contemporary white leaders credited Crowfoot with keeping the Blackfeet neutral. Some scholars and many Indians have suggested that he was a traitor to his own people. Dempsey does not agree. The author believes that while Crowfoot was no lover of the whites, he could also see the folly of an alliance with Riel. Dempsey shows that Crowfoot gained nothing personally by his actions. He and his family died in poverty. He did move from the neolithic to the industrial age in two decades, and the Blackfeet survived as a people because of him.

The author has employed unpublished materials such as the Hanks field notes of 1939–41 with good results. His use of Indian materials, including oral history, is excellent. His selection of pictures is good. But there is only one good map in the book, and the bibliography of secondary sources is woefully thin. This work is volume 122 of the "Civilization of the American Indian" series, and is of the usual high quality we have come to expect from the University of Oklahoma Press.

Keith A. Murray *is a professor of history at Western Washington State College. He is author of* The Modocs and Their War *and of many articles on the Pacific Northwest.*

Alaska: The Last Frontier by Bryan Cooper *(William Morrow, New York, 1973; 248 pp., maps, charts, biblio., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY JOHN A. HUSSEY

TWO MAJOR CONCERNS of today's world—the desperate search for additional oil and gas, and the drive to preserve the environment—have collided on Alaska's bleak North Slope. The success of a test well at Prudhoe Bay in 1968 verified the existence of the largest oil field ever discovered in the United States, but the subsequent rush to drill and conduct geophysical surveys demonstrated that the oil industry could bring disaster to the fragile terrain, wildlife, and fish of a precious wilderness. Claims by Alaska's natives and suits by conservationists quickly brought the boom to a halt. Many people believe the oil eventually must be extracted, but the time and conditions remain to be decided by courts and legislatures.

This, in essence, is the story told by *Alaska: The Last Frontier*, and a fascinating tale it is. Bryan Cooper visited the North Slope in 1970 with the assistance of the British Petroleum Company, and it is perhaps understandable that he gives much space to the worldwide need for oil, the huge investments already made in Alaska by the petroleum industry, and the financial implications of the new field not only for the oil companies but for the citizens of Alaska and, indeed, for the state government itself.

Probably because this book was first published in Britain, roughly a quarter of it is devoted to a description and capsule history of Alaska. Most Americans probably will feel that the space might have been better utilized for the main theme. The material relating to the oil question will be a useful source for future historians, since parts of it are based on interviews with key figures in the controversy. For now it serves as an illuminating, though perhaps not entirely impartial, discussion which absorbs the reader despite occasional repetition.

John A. Hussey, *former regional historian for the National Park Service in San Francisco, is a free-lance historical consultant and author of* The History of Fort Vancouver *and* Champoeg: Place of Transition.

The Zunis: Self-Portrayals, translated by Alvina Quam *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1972; 245 pp., illus., maps, $7.95 cloth, $3.95 paper).*

REVIEWED BY ALICE BULLOCK

FOR FOUR CENTURIES the Zunis have been discussed, studied, probed, and written about. They were the first of the Pueblo peoples the Spaniards contacted in their northward push out of Mexico. The gold the Spaniards sought was not in New Mexico, but ultimately another kind of gold was found—a knowledge of the people. Frank Hamilton Cushing, James Stevenson and his wife Matilda Coxe Stevenson were in the vanguard. Since the turn of the century many others have followed the Zuni and Hopi pueblos with interest.

Now comes another first. Instead of being written about, the Zunis themselves are doing the writing. This achievement is a milestone. The writing is not outstanding, but it is nevertheless adequate, for it is the words of the Zuni storytellers, simple in style, taken down in an oral history project, and translated by Alvina Quam.

The theme of survival runs through the Indian stories about hunting, and those about troubles and fighting with the Navajo, Mexican, and outlaw white men. This theme is rooted in the core of Zuni beliefs and life in the pueblo itself. Some of the stories concern the recalcitrance of Zuni youth and how leaders coped with this in their moral instruction by calling up ghosts to frighten the rebels into obedience. The book also includes fables of the life indigenous to the area, about such creatures as the coyote, bumblebee, grasshopper, and eagle. Religion, the Zuni stories of creation, rituals, dances, and their pantheon of gods are also thumbnailed. Modern influences are patent, for the Zuni lives in the present, wearing jeans, riding buses as well as horses and mules, and using modern weapons. But there remains a strong, scarlet thread that is essentially Zuni. This volume is a worthwhile contribution.

Alice Bullock, *a retired educator, is book review editor and feature writer for the* Santa Fe New Mexican. *She also is the author of two books.*

Oklahoma: The Forty-sixth Star by Alice Marriott and Carol K. Rachlin *(Doubleday, New York, 1973; 238 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY ODIE B. FAULK

THIS BOOK is not a history of Oklahoma. Rather it is a rambling story told largely in personal terms by two excellent anthropologists, who also are part-time folklorists and ethnohistorians. It is warm and human, if at times a little gushy, and can serve as an introduction to Oklahoma's colorful past.

The framework in the first hundred pages is textbookish: a description of the land and plants followed by a good summary of the history of the native peoples of the region. Next is a description of the whites during the land runs at the end of the nineteenth century, followed closely by an account of the movement for statehood.

The last half of the book is a melange of topics: oil, prominent architectural landmarks, the stores and temple secretly constructed underground in Oklahoma City by the Chinese community, the liberation of women during the 1920s, the damming of the rivers of Oklahoma, the growth of the University of Oklahoma medical school, even how Oklahoma City acquired a good Mexican restaurant.

Oklahoma: The Forty-sixth Star will never replace Grant Foreman's or A. M. Gibson's histories of the state—nor should it, for it is replete with historical errors of fact easily numbering more than a hundred. A few examples will suffice: the original Oklahoma constitution tells exactly how it can be amended, although the authors state that it "could NEVER be amended"; David L. Payne, the original Boomer, died in 1884 and thus could not come to Oklahoma in 1886 as claimed; and Jack Walton did not call out the National Guard to end the Tulsa race riot of 1921, for he did not become governor until 1923. Despite such flaws, the book is readable, lively, and catches some of the flavor of a great state.

Odie B. Faulk, *head of the Department of History at Oklahoma State University, has written numerous books and articles about the American Southwest. Currently he is completing a history of the Gila Trail.*

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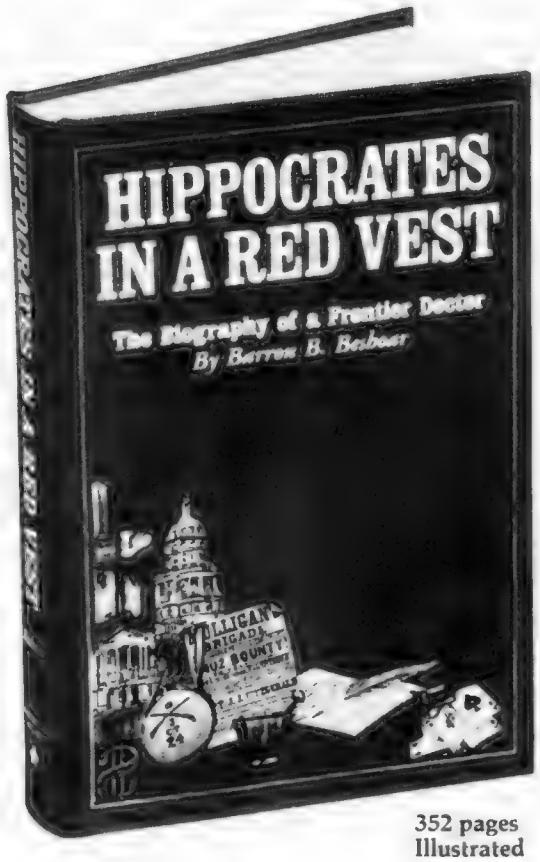

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

BY ED HOLM

Crooked Beak of Heaven: Masks and Other Ceremonial Art of the Northwest Coast by Bill Holm *(University of Washington and the Thomas Burke Memorial Washington State Museum and the Henry Art Gallery, Seattle, 1972; 96 pp., illus., biblio., $8.95 cloth, $4.95 paper).*

One of a series of catalogues documenting the arts of the Pacific Northwest, this volume describes and illustrates the university museum's outstanding Gerber Memorial Collection of Northwest Coast Indian art. The text, prepared by one of the leading authorities on the subject, is complemented by beautiful black and white photographs.

Documents of Southwestern History: A Guide to the Manuscript Collections of the Arizona Historical Society compiled by Charles C. Colley with a foreword by Robert Utley *(Arizona Historical Society, Tucson, 1972; 234 pp., illus., index, $20.00).*

A detailed resource guide that will be useful to serious historians having an interest in Arizona, its neighboring states, and northern Mexico.

Seattle by Nard Jones *(Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1972; 371 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

"Rainy" Seattle's average annual precipitation is actually less than that of New York City—one of the surprising facts to be found in a native son's lively history of the largest metropolitan center in the Pacific Northwest.

A History of Missouri, Volume II: 1820 to 1860 by Perry McCandless *(University of Missouri, Columbia, 1972; 325 pp., essay on sources, index, $9.50).*

A detailed history of the social, economic, and political conditions in Missouri from the state's admission into the Union to the eve of the Civil War. This is the second unit of a projected five-volume *Missouri Sesquicentennial History*, to be completed in 1976.

Notice: This Is an Indian Reserve photographs by Frederik Stevenson, text by Sheila Erickson *(Griffin House, Toronto, 1972; 84 pp., illus., $4.50 paper).*

A warm, offbeat photographic statement on the dignity and plight of the modern Indian. Photographed in Ontario.

The Navajo Blanket by Mary Hunt Kahlenberg and Anthony Berlant *(Praeger Publishers, New York, and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1972; 112 pp., 97 plates, notes, biblio., $10.00).*

Prepared in conjunction with a traveling exhibition of outstanding examples of nineteenth-century Navajo blanket weaving, this beautifully illustrated large-format book traces the changes in color, design, and materials in the Navajo's principal garment and highest form of art as that people came in touch with Indian, Spanish, and white American cultures. Sixteen of the plates are in color.

Environmental Pollution in Montana edited by Robert Bigart *(Mountain Press, Missoula, 1972; 261 pp., illus., appen., index, $8.50 cloth, $3.95 paper).*

Twenty-two nontechnical essays discuss the issues of pollution in Montana as viewed by industry, environmentalists, the scientific community, and the government.

Look to the Mountain Top edited by Robert L. Iacopi, Bernard L. Fontana, and Charles Jones *(Gousha Publications, San Jose, Calif., 1972; 121 pp., illus., maps, chronology, biblio., index, $6.95 cloth, $3.95 paper).*

Contributions from thirteen authors, including Stewart L. Udall, Vincent Price, Vine Deloria, Jr., and John C. Ewers provide a useful overview of the history, arts, and present-day life of the American Indian. Several descriptive maps and one hundred illustrations, including seventy in color, enhance the book's interest and value.

A CHAINED DOG: THE INDIAN-FIGHTING ARMY

(Continued from page 24)

the Indian Bureau beginning in 1878 meet the need, although they did remarkably well considering their limitations. They were small, badly equipped, underpaid, without overall direction or coordination, and buffeted by the partisan and patronage politics that afflicted the Indian Bureau.

Some thought the Northwest Mounted Police developed by the British to bring law and order to the Canadian West offered an ideal model. But as Sheridan and others pointed out, the three hundred red-coated constables succeeded mainly because the sparsity of settlement prevented serious competition between whites and Indians for the lands and resources of the Northwest Territories.

Ironically, the only serious proposal for an Indian auxiliary force of meaningful composition and magnitude came from none other than a Commissioner of Indian Affairs. In his annual report for 1878, Commissioner Ezra A. Hayt proposed the formation of a corps of three thousand Indians, "enlisted from the young men of the most warlike tribes, and placed under the command of army officers of experience." Held in large bodies, fully controlled by the War Department, this auxiliary force would stand ready to rush to the scene of actual or threatened hostilities.

In size, composition, leadership, and control, Hayt's reasoning seems sound. In employment, however, he might have given further thought to dispersing the force sufficiently to allow it to perform a police as well as a military function. A force of three thousand would have yielded fifteen four-company battalions of two hundred Indians each. Recruited from and distributed among the potentially most troublesome tribes, properly trained and officered, such battalions might have prevented or contained many an outbreak and, brigaded with other Indian battalions and bolstered by regular units, rapidly quelled uprisings that could not be averted.

Commissioner Hayt's proposal seems not to have sparked any interest in the War Department, and he himself soon lost his post in one of the scandals that periodically rocked the Indian Bureau. The regular army continued to grapple cumbersomely with a mission for which it was badly organized and trained. How different might have been the history of the westward movement had a paramilitary force such as Hayt advocated been created and employed as a prominent adjunct to the army line.

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HOW MANY INDIANS WERE KILLED?

(Continued from page 47)

probably exaggerated. Writers who detail some peculiarly sadistic story of torture and atrocity often follow it with the hasty generalization that this occurrence is typical of hundreds (or thousands) that took place across the frontier, presumably unrecorded. Actually, it is believed that nearly all are of record and these prove to be few and scattered. On the other hand, many recent writers have avoided the sadistic details; their readers are allowed to assume that no atrocities occurred. Numerous well-authenticated atrocities, however, did occur in the Indian wars.

Here are figures for a few massacres by Indians: July 4, 1778, at Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, 360 whites killed; November 11, 1778, at Cherry Valley, Pennsylvania, 14 soldiers and 30 citizens (including women and children) killed; August 15, 1812, at Fort Dearborn (Chicago), 53 killed (including 26 soldiers; most of the rest were women and children) and 43 captured; August 30, 1812, at Fort Mims, Alabama, 400 killed; (only 12 escaped; all killed were soldiers who had already surrendered). The total is 1,265 dead in these wholesale killings by Indians in two wars.

Among the bloodiest of Indian massacres was the Sioux uprising in Minnesota in 1862. An official history charged the Indians with "murdering of men, women, and children quite 1,000"; another source numbers the victims at 400 to 800. For these crimes a court tried 425 Indians, of whom 38 were hanged. The court's recorder, Isaac V. D. Heard, tallied the murders at 737 and reported that citizens and soldiers in defending themselves killed 42 Indians.

Many killings of citizens by Indians, however, occurred by ones, twos, and threes, and while few went unrecorded, totals are hard to come by. In *The Beginning of the West: Annals of the Kansas Gateway,* Louise Barry lists all such instances for the years considered. In 1846, a year of heavy travel on the Santa Fe Trail, four travelers and two Indians were killed in depredations that involved the stealing by Indians of 257 mules. In 1849, a year of heavy gold rush travel along the trail, Apaches killed seven persons in one attack at Point of Rocks and carried off two women and a child, who were later slain. Troops killed three Indians while escorting mail carriers. A Sac and Fox band murdered a Pawnee girl and were caught and presumably punished. These affairs were not, as the cliche would put it, typical of the perils of the Santa Fe Trail. They constitute the sum total of all such events during these two years. It is said that there were no Indian attacks along the Oregon Trail in 1849. Hollywood pictures have given us a much overdrawn picture of attacks on wagon trains. Even

more rare were Indian attacks on forts (none at all after 1865) or on settlements. One of the few of these was at Spirit Lake, March 8, 1857, where a band of Sioux killed 42 settlers.

A compilation for Montana Territory from 1866 to 1880 shows that Indians killed 135 whites, for the most part one at a time. General Sheridan, who compiled records of Indian depredations committed in his command, wrote to General Sherman early in 1870 that during the previous eight years murders of white men, women, and children totaled 1,200.

This sampling, which possibly compares in accuracy with those of television ratings or political polls, totals—omitting the two Revolutionary War massacres—2,981 white noncombatants and 47 Indians killed, a ratio of 63 to 1. Projection of these figures to cover the century of Indian troubles in the United States would not be entirely accurate, since Indian wars were not a constant factor either in time or place. But the totals above include the major massacres of settlers, and there would not be many more large casualty figures. Remaining are Indian raids that killed families, small parties of travelers, and individuals. It would take a lot of these to rack up 1,000 additional deaths, and 2,000 would seem excessive.

On the basis of these estimates, it seems possible that for the period 1789–1898 Indians killed some 7,000 soldiers and civilians. It is improbable that more than 4,000 Indians were killed during the same period. This number—compared with the total number of Indians who lived during the nineteenth century—represents losses in warfare with whites of a very small fraction of 1 per cent.

WHAT ABOUT THE CLAIM that warfare among tribes was essentially no more lethal than football? Stanley Vestal had some relevant figures from Sioux tradition. At Captive Buttes in 1857, Sioux killed 10 enemies with no loss. A fight in which 30 Crows were killed, in 1869 or 1870, left 14 Sioux killed. In a fight with Flatheads in 1871, Sioux killed 30 and lost 5. The total on both sides in these inter-Indian fights is 89. Football would surely be abolished after three such seasons.

Blackfoot tradition tells of a fight in 1866 in which 300 to 400 Crows and Gros Ventres were killed—a major massacre. But in 1846 Crows had killed 50 families of Blackfeet and captured 160 persons. In 1849 a Blackfoot band murdered 52 Assiniboin horse raiders. The Blackfeet fought 16 major engagements with other tribes during the nineteenth century, in which quite possibly a thousand were killed on both sides. They also engaged in a constant succession of small-scale horse raids. Deaths in these raids are estimated at 12 or more a year.

The number of casualties in intertribal warfare is hard to determine because of lack of records. Occasionally there were literate witnesses, however. Maj. Frank North's Pawnee scouts fought Turkey Leg's Cheyennes on August 17, 1867, at Plum Creek and killed 16 of them, according to official records. Pawnees, escorted to their hunting grounds by Agent John W. Williamson, were attacked August 5, 1873, by Brule and Oglala Sioux who brushed the agent and his protests aside and killed 39 women, 10 children, and a number of men, including the leader Sky Chief, before being interrupted by the appearance of Capt. Gerald Russell with a troop of the Third U.S. Cavalry.

These few examples may be sufficient to indicate that warfare among tribes was not just fun and games, as some writers assume. Obviously no conclusion can be drawn as to total casualties, but Indian losses in wars with other Indians during the nineteenth century may well have exceeded Indian losses in fights with whites.

This was nothing new. In the seventeenth century, the Iroquois, after acquiring firearms from Dutch fur traders set out to conquer their known world. Between 1648 and 1650 the Iroquois massacred village after village of Hurons—their traditional enemies. Then they fell upon the Eries and, says one account, "wrought such carnage among the women and children that blood was knee-deep in certain places." These two tribes were virtually annihilated, although a remnant remained as French allies, eventually to move west where they became known as Wyandots.

The West was no safe refuge, however, since Iroquois war parties seeking to monopolize the fur trade with the English ranged all the way to the Mississippi River. While pursuing Illini tribesmen near the mouth of the Illinois River in 1680, Iroquois came across a Tamaroa village from which the warriors were absent. Half of the Tamaroas were killed and 600 women and children were carried off to be roasted and eaten in cannibalistic ritual. (Cannibalism has been swept under the rug by most writers about Indians, but it was frequently reported among tribes of the eastern woodlands—including the Illini.) The Iroquois foray virtually annihilated the Tamaroas as one of the tribes of the Illini confederacy.

Their annihilation of three tribes makes the Iroquois about even with smallpox in destructiveness, and far ahead of the United States Army, which fails to claim one annihilation in all its 1,240 Indian fights.

These estimates of casualties, however imperfect, should serve to deflate some mythology. Much recent writing implies that all Indians at all times were the implacable (a favorite word) foes of white invaders. Had that been so, the U.S. Army, limited to 25,000 enlisted men during most of the period of wars in the Far West, should have had a Custer massacre a day in opposing the 250,000 Indians of Indian Bureau count. A reading of the Indian side of the story reveals surprising lack of interest in fighting white men. Indians were much more interested in fighting other Indians—their hereditary foes.

Occasionally the mythology suggests that the United States "declared war" on a certain tribe. That never happened. The converse, that tribal chiefs and elders met in solemn council and decided on war to defend homes, hunting grounds, and graves of their ancestors, is equally unrealistic. The curious charge that army policy was "extermination, tribe by tribe" is false; wars were not waged against entire tribes. Only about one-tenth of the Sioux were involved in the Sioux War of 1876. Oglalas led by Crazy Horse were prominent in the Custer fight,

but Sioux led by Red Cloud remained peaceably on the reservation. Some Brules stayed home with Spotted Tail, while others fought; the same is true of other tribes at the Little Big Horn. The Apache wars were not waged against an Apache "nation," but rather against a part of the Mescalero Apaches led by Victorio, and, at another time, against a small family band of Chiricahua Apaches led by Geronimo. In these wars, the troops were greatly aided by Apache scouts. They were often members of subtribes which were traditional enemies of the subtribe under attack; but there were also scouts who acted against their own subtribes, such as the Chiricahua scouts who helped run down Geronimo.

Most of the army's 1,240 encounters were fought, not against tribes or splinter parts of tribes (if a tribe's presumed chief had signed a peace treaty, these splinter groups were invariably termed "renegades"), but rather against small parties of eight or ten or twenty young men intent on loot, scalps, and coups or war honors. For the Indian warrior, unrestrained by the inhibitions of so-called civilization, war was a thrilling game. Stealing his enemy's horses and slaughtering enemy women and children were exciting parts of that game and commanded the admiration of his fellows, not their blame.

But in the white man's eyes the Indian marauder was a criminal; it was the army's policy to pursue and punish him. Usually, however, there was more "pursue" than there was "punish." The pursuers were rarely more than a troop or two of cavalry—30 to 60 men—and if they caught up, there was a running fighat, a report of one or two Indians killed, and an occasional success in the recovery of livestock.

This kind of fighting was the most common, and it was police action, not warfare. That seems to dispose of the most popular of present-day myths, that Indian warfare was basically racial in nature. Indians fought Indians as well as soldiers, with and without the aid of troops. The Indian wars seem more like the struggles of a lot of different kinds of people who couldn't get along together than like one race's organized attack upon another. The Colonial Wars and the Revolution have received little attention here, but from this viewpoint they appear to be such a bewildering series of wars and alliances among tribes of Algonkins, Frenchmen, Muskhogeans, Spaniards, Iroquoians, Dutchmen, Caddoans, English, Siouans, and Americans that it is sometimes hard to remember which groups were white and which were red, and certainly a contemplation of their actions doesn't help.

Have we missed anything? Yes, there is the myth that Americans are a peculiarly violent people. Its advocates prove the sad point to which world history has declined as a study in our secondary schools and universities. Much of world history tells of the movements of peoples that infringe on other peoples. Rarely have the infringed upon been treated with more consideration and humaneness than was the American Indian.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Figures for Indian populations may be found in the U.S. Government Census and in annual reports of the Indian Bureau. The latter includes only Indians under Bureau jurisdiction, which falls short of the total number of Indians.

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The author is much indebted to John C. Ewers, senior ethnologist in the Department of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution, and to Nyle H. Miller, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, for many valuable suggestions that have been incorporated in this article. The conclusions, however, are his own.

Don Russell *is editor of the* Westerners Brand Book *and author of, among other volumes,* Custer's Last Stand *and* Wild West: A History of the Wild West Shows *(both 1971).*

A MATTER OF OPINION

(Continued from page 48)

make it over a little (at least to leave some mark or memorial of his sojourn), it was the Indian's way to pass through a country without disturbing anything; to pass and leave no trace, like fish through water, or birds through the air. It was the Indian manner to vanish into the landscape, not to stand out against it. . . ."

In this issue of THE AMERICAN WEST—devoted entirely to the American Indian—our purpose is not to become embroiled in current controversies, nor to judge the past actions of majorities or minorities or congressmen or tribal leaders. Our purpose is to provide an awareness of the American Indian and the part he played in the development of this land of ours (and his), and to recognize the importance of his culture, his art, his heritage, as well as the problems he faced in his confrontation with his white brother.

Donald E. Bower, Editor

A MATTER OF OPINION *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

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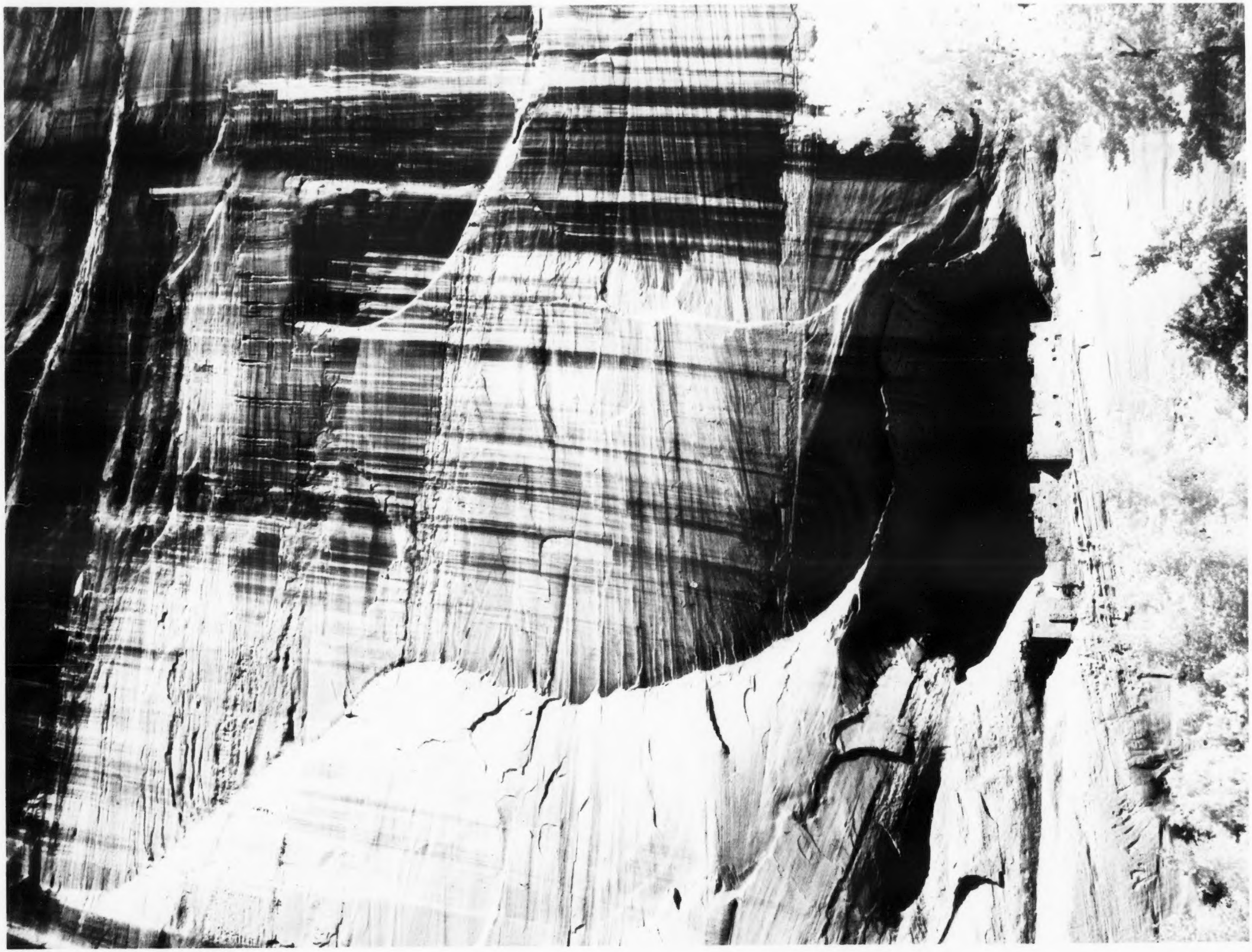
White House Ruin nestles beneath protective cliffs in Canyon de Chelly National Monument, Arizona. Photograph by Gene Ahrens.